WEEK ENDING JUNE 5, 1926

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

The Drug-Store Cow Boy

Leslie Thrasher

In this issue

"No Food With My Meals"

By

FANNIE HURST

Also

P. G. Wodehouse
Edwin Balmer
Finley Peter Dunne
Mary Heaton Vorse
Francis Ouimet

Petite Pens and Pencils in

PASTEL SHADES

A new mode created by Parker—meeting color's high vogue in dress

Magenta, Mauve, Naples Blue, Beige Gray, and Coral Pens, $3.50; Pencils, $3; and in larger sizes, Mottled Green Pens, $5 and $7; Pencils, $3.50 and $4

WEEKS before the Paris openings officially heralded this Day of Color, Parker designers were preparing to give women Pens and Pencils that would accent their costumes, yet harmonize with the new color schemes.

These colors had to be as smart as the style itself—they were not to be found among stock materials. To arrive at these six new shades our designers created 27 distinctive effects. Style authorities chose these six as the smartest, the most alluring.

Dainty slender creations are the Pens and Pencils in five Pastel Shades, and larger barrels in the Mottled Green for those who like a large grip.

For beauty, symmetry, cleanliness, and writing smoothness, there is nothing finer, notwithstanding extremely moderate prices.

The Pens have the Parker 14-K Gold hand-made point, tipped with polished Iridium; and the Ink-tight Duo-sleeve Cap, a safeguard to hands and clothes.

The Pencils have Parker's Non-clog Feed, and are easily filled by slipping a new lead into the tip (you need not remove the mechanism).

Ask dealers for "Parker Pastel Shades;" and look with care for the stamp "Parker" on the barrels.

Parker

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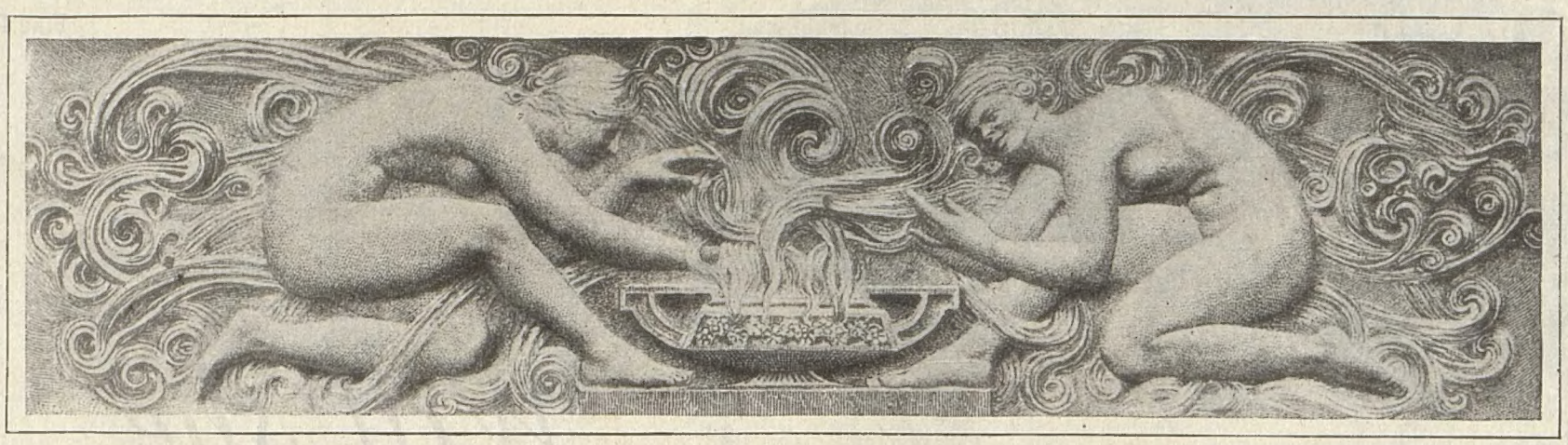
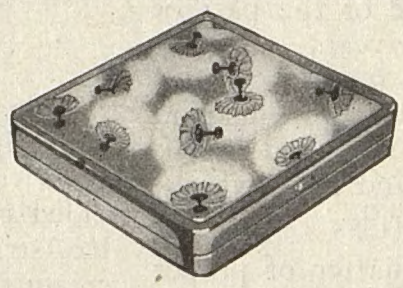
Lucky Curve Pens and Pencils



LES POUDRES COTY

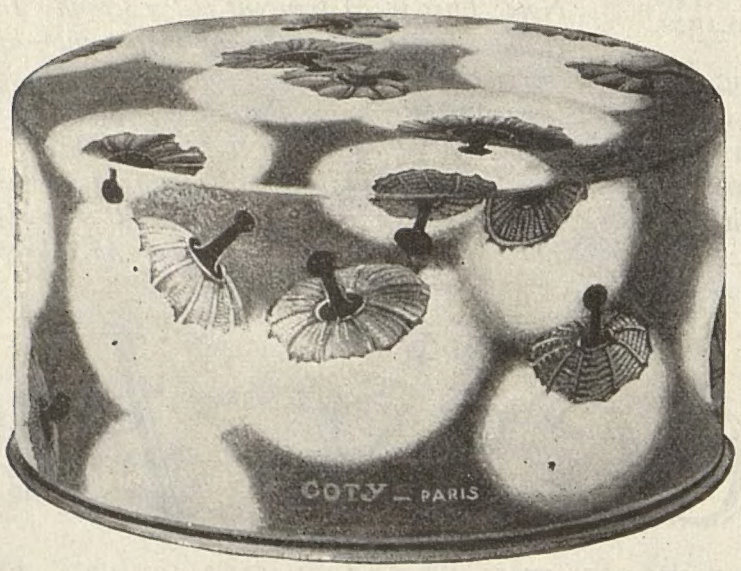
Here, in the famous powder puff box, is a powder so perfect, so fine, so fragrant that it delights millions of women the world over. The soft touch of COTY Face Powder *on the skin leaves beauty in its train, smoothly fresh and clear—with the glamour of a lasting perfume.*

LES PASTELS COTY



THE MOST PERFECT ROUGES IN THE WORLD — IN EIGHT GLOWING, RADIANT TONES

In nine true shades



PARIS — CHYPRE — L'ORIGAN — EMERAUDE
LA ROSE JACQUEMINOT — JASMIN DE CORSE
L'OR — L'AMBRE ANTIQUE — STYX — MUGUET

"ROUGE"
A booklet illustrated by
CHARLES DANA GIBSON
mailed upon request

COTY INC.
714 *Fifth Avenue, New York*
CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave., Montreal
Address "L. M. 6-5"

Fine Pores Make Fine Skins

Will she "live happily ever after?"

RADIANT, starry eyed, she looks inquiringly to the future. Will her rosy dreams come true? Will *he* love her always? Will *he* be as proud of her five years hence?

Who can tell? It depends so much on her—on her tact, her loyalty, but most of all, her skill in retaining her vibrant, youthful loveliness. For it is only too true—love often fades as beauty fades.

Don't let happiness flit out of your hands. Whether you are a bride of the past or present—or one for future years—make up your mind now to be and *stay* as beautiful as *he* would have you. Make up your mind to keep your skin always fresh and youthful—always satiny-soft and fine-textured as that of the youngest bride.

It's all a matter of proper care—care that will refine the pores and keep them normally invisible. For, as you know, *fine pores make fine skins.*

If you would learn the secret of a lovely complexion, learn to refine the pores

All beauty specialists will caution you against powdering over open pores. For the tiny particles of powder enter the little openings, clog and enlarge the pores and make the skin rough, coarse and unlovely.

That's why most beauty parlors finish their treatments with the application of ice to close the pores. Ice does the work all right, but it is a little too harsh for most skins and quite inconvenient to apply at home.

Now—a new and better way—
Princess Pat Ice Astringent

Fortunately you no longer have to bother with chopping ice nor risk its harsh effect upon your skin. For Science has now provided a new and better way—Princess Pat Ice Astringent—a delightful, fresh, "freezy" cream that is really both *ice* and *finishing cream* combined; an astringent that has all the pore-refining and skin-firming qualities of ice without its disadvantages.

At the first touch of this magic cream you will feel a reviving, cooling sensation—a joyous tingle that will flush your cheeks with new life and vigor and leave your face glowingly refreshed for hours. In a second this cream has disappeared and you have a splendid foundation for your make-up. Your pores are closed and you can powder without clogging and enlarging them; without causing that "flaky" effect which comes from powdering over open pores. Your make-up stays on longer and looks more natural; your complexion is protected against dust, wind and exposure; you have the lasting loveliness that comes only with a satiny-soft, fine-textured skin.

Keep your skin fresh and youthful
this new way

Begin today to win and keep the beauty that all men adore. Get Princess Pat Ice Astringent at your favorite toilet goods counter and always apply a little before putting on your powder and rouge. You'll be rewarded with an added loveliness and charm you have never known before.

* * * *

Note: This Ice Astringent is the second "twin" of our famous Twin Cream Treatment—known everywhere as the ideal pore-refining method. It is a Princess Pat discovery and only Princess Pat can offer it to you. Do not confuse it with ordinary "astringent creams." There is no similarity. Princess Pat is the one and only Ice Astringent; accept no substitute.

Free So that you may know for yourself the lovely effect of Princess Pat Ice Astringent, we will take pleasure in sending you a trial tube free. Just mail the coupon.

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2709 South Wells Street, Chicago
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PRINCESS PAT PERFECT BEAUTY AIDS INCLUDE: PRINCESS PAT CREAM SKINFOOD AND ICE ASTRINGENT (THE FAMOUS TWIN CREAM TREATMENT), PRINCESS PAT SKIN CLEANSER, ALMOND BASE FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIPSTICK, TWO-PURPOSE TALC, PERFUME, TOILET WATER

Every preparation made by Princess Pat is made for a definite purpose. Each is guaranteed to achieve that end most effectively. If you are not delighted with results, your dealer will cheerfully refund your mone

JUNE 5, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

VOL. 3 No. 5

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

HOW TO GO AUTO TOURING—*An Editorial*

About four million Americans will go automobile touring this summer. Perhaps a million more persons will taste the delights of winding road and tempting trail than enjoyed this greatest of all outdoor sports last year. The new tourists will lessen the delights by making the same mistakes in planning and in outfitting that the others have made.

Veteran "Tin Can Tourists," the G. A. R. of the highways and byways of the United States, have learned from bitter experience what to do to be comfortable and, better, what not to do. Those who took their maiden tours last year, who suffered, were uncomfortable, and who perhaps returned vowing never again to leave comfortable homes for the open road, already have forgotten inconveniences and are planning longer trips and greater ventures.

These will avoid some of the major mistakes they made last year, and perhaps blunder into greater ones. Most of the amateurs probably will do those things they should not do and leave undone the things they should do.

There are certain simple rules which, it seems, require two or three tours and ten thousand miles of motoring to learn. The tourist who would travel with comfort and enjoyment may avoid much trouble by following these rules:

Have the car inspected carefully before starting. Repairs en route are slow and uncertain, inviting fresh disasters. Good tires and fresh oil save hours and temper. Every morning before starting get together and chant: "Oil, air, water, gas, and grease."

Carry as little baggage and as light equipment as possible. A safe rule is to pack everything you think you need, then discard half of it.

Don't overcrowd the car and never invite "just one extra" to go along. Three persons in a five-passenger car, four in a six-passenger mean comfortable riding. More mean cramped bodies, weariness, and discomfort.

Don't try for mileage. Schedule the day's drive with due regard to road conditions. Three hundred miles on concrete is easier than a hundred on rough roads, on both passengers and car.

Don't "pound the road." If you see a pleasant view, a shady dell, a cool rill, stop for a time. Fifteen minutes' rest will chase weariness, rest tired eyes, and do the car good.

Fix your destination before starting the day. If stopping at hotels, telephone for reservations and drive through the early dusk—the finest part of the day. If camping, don't hesitate to stop early and pitch camp. Building camps in the dark spoils trips.

Don't speed and don't drive by spurts. A steady gait, moderate enough to permit all to see the beauties of the country, covers more ground and saves repair bills.

Respect the laws of each city and village. Avoid trespass against farmers and destruction of growing things.

Treat everyone you meet on the road with the same courtesy you would extend to neighbors at home. Hesitate and study carefully before picking up strangers. Regard each blowout as an opportunity to rest and cool the engine.

If these rules are followed, your tour will be a success, your vacation a delight, and the memory of days and nights on the road something to treasure through the winter.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Beginning a Great Serial

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER has written a mystery story that's much more than a mystery story. It's full of dramatic surprises, unexpected turns, and breathless suspense. But it contains also characters portrayed with a penetration and warm human sympathy rarely found in such exciting tales. The action starts with a priceless string of pearls left unguarded in a great house full of people, and there follows a startling series of adventures. A girl who'd try anything—once; a lovable boy who turns Sherlock Holmes; and the girl's daring lover, who fights to win her against tremendous odds: these and other finely drawn figures make up a serial you won't want to miss. It's called THE CORBIN NECKLACE.

NORMAN S. HALL tells, for the first time, the real story of the Boston ostrich murder, which was caricatured, written about, and smiled over throughout the country. In this nation-wide riot of words and imagination everybody overlooked the true narrative of this battle to the death between a giant male ostrich and a man. You'll find the amazing facts in THE MYSTERY OF THE STRANGLED OSTRICH.

DANA BURNET, noted for his stories combining artistic distinction with tension and truth to life, contributes FAREWELL TO THE MOON. It's a delightful love story of a banker, a girl who likes to look at the moon, and a young man who takes a chance.

OWN YOUR OWN HOME, by HUGH FULLERTON, begins a series of articles that solve the most difficult problems of home-builders.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York. Allow four weeks for change of address. Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; William H. Field, Secretary; Harvey Deuell, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1926, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Every room can have its own breeze!

AT LAST—G-E quality in a small fan that gives a big breeze.

Now every room can be fan-cooled and fresh. Every hour of the summer day can be comfy and brisk.

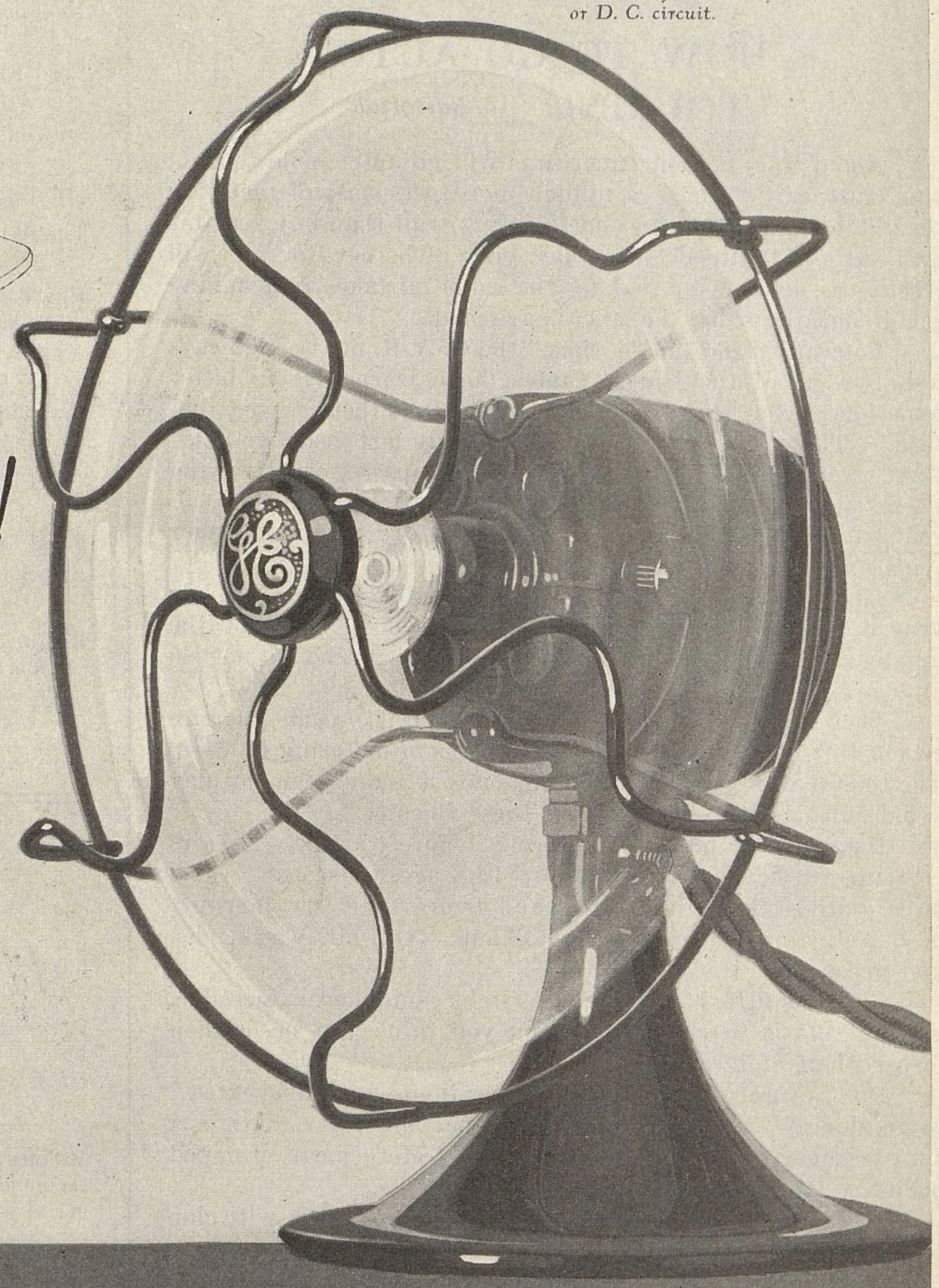
The burdens of summertime housework are blown away by this quiet little breeze. And leisure really *is* leisure when heat and humidity are chased—by a breeze.

Remember—this new fan has the same quality of material and workmanship as is put into the large G-E Fans. And it carries the same guarantee. It's a small fan that gives a big breeze. It's a big buy—at a little price.

6-inch Fan
(East of the Rockies)

$5

Finished in cream enamel $6. Universal—can be used on any 110 volt A. C. or D. C. circuit.



GE Fans

GENERAL ELECTRIC

A Man Trap for GAWKY

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

What Fate Did to a Rash Young Man Who Thought Little Girls Shouldn't Grow Up

A Short Story by

Mary Heaton Vorse

WHEN Mollie first remembered anything he was bending over her, begging her, in the name of his love, to open her eyes.

THEY thought he would never stop growing. He had started his extraordinary performance at fourteen. From then on there was never a time when the vast knuckles of his red hands did not protrude lamentably far beyond his sleeves. They had put him into long pants. But these, too, were always getting to be too short.

He became a freak, a phenomenon. His hands and feet were like huge flippers. When Henry Adams finally made his six feet two they were none too large for him, but as they raced ahead of him he could not forget them.

He could not forget his red hair. It fitted his head in a cap of bronze curls, and his eyebrows were a black line across his face. He couldn't forget his long neck with its bobbing Adam's apple. What made it worse was his wild high spirits. He had to run. He had to leap fences and turn cartwheels. Or, at a dare, jump from a wharf into the water with all his clothes on.

He felt like one of the owners of the world. He felt strong, stronger than anyone else, a great man—until he was laughed at. Ridicule could flatten him into a punctured balloon any time.

By the end of his freshman year at high school he was fifteen and towering over everyone else in the class. Awkward. Gawky.

Then life laid a heavy hand on gawky Henry Adams.

He fell in love; not like a little boy, but like a man. He fell in love with Vivian Driscoll

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A MAN TRAP FOR GAWKY
Continued from Page Seven]

in that drowned kind of way that is possible only for youth.

She was three years older than he and small and exquisite. It embarrassed her to have Gawky Adams trooping after her like a dog she couldn't lose. Maybe she encouraged him a little. He pleased her vanity up to a certain point. Then he became ridiculous. She was fed up, she said. Perhaps that is why she was so brutal. She said things that annihilated him. She jeered at him. He saw himself once for all—*gawky*. She stripped from him assurance in himself.

And since he was really in love and this little girl with a heart like a green apple represented Woman to him, it followed all women were like her. From then on he threw all his high vitality into being a great football player. When he entered college his name was already a title—Gawk. By the time he was a junior, Gawk Adams was known from one end of the country to the other: known as a great player and worshiped for his extraordinary good looks.

HE had an especial place, for he was mysterious and unapproachable. He ritzed all girls. No one knew that Gawk Adams, the admired and idolized, had a dark shadow from which he couldn't free himself. And this was Gawky, the boy Vivian Driscoll had laughed at—Gawky with flippering feet and fanlike hands. He did not care to see his shadow, and it was only cast by the light of girls. So he kept away from them.

Gawky was the despair of his relatives. His mother lent him to his favorite aunt for part of the Christmas holidays. He left without having met a girl. He was just getting on the train when old Mrs. Slocum puffed up to him.

"Henry," she said, "will you look after my little niece? That change in Woodstock, you know? Mollie, you know Henry, don't you?" The train whistled. The little girl leaned forward perilously, hands fluttering. He laid a firm hand on her shoulder and pulled her back.

"See here, young lady, do you want an accident?" She looked at him with offended dignity. She was perhaps five feet two. Her face was peach shaped and apricot colored, as though the wind of the south had blown across it. Her eyes were dark blue and her short hair was gold and she had a short upper lip. Her skirts came a little below her knees. Then there was a gap of stocking and then galoshes.

She wore a fur jaquette and on her head was the dab of a fur cap with a red flower in it. She was, Gawky judged, twelve years old or possibly a little more, for the absurd costume of the moment took from her height and accentuated her youth.

She was ill-fitted for dignity. Nevertheless she attempted it. She lifted her little nose in the air and stared through Henry. This for some reason delighted him.

He sat down beside her. She presented a charming profile and later nothing but the lovely curve of her cheek as she stared out at the flying snowy landscape.

"Are you sulking because I saved your life?" asked Henry.

There she was—the living proof that everything he thought

She turned away. "I hate caveman stuff."

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world. Mollie; don't be mad at me. I didn't mean anything."

"My name is Miss Parador." There was silence.

"Do you like chewing gum?" Henry asked humbly. She didn't answer. "I bet your aunt never lets you chew gum at home!"

A swift look of comprehension swept over her face. He had taken her for a kid. She, Rose Mary Parador, called by an irreverent brother "the man-eater," or "Eat 'em Alive Parador," had been taken for a child by an unusually fresh but handsome young man. Now she would have some fun with him. In an innocent child voice she inquired:

"How did you know?"

"I know how aunts treat kids. Want you to be a lady. Don't want you to grow up to be a flapper."

"Flappers," she remarked wisely, "have gone out."

"Not so you'd notice it, old kid. Not where I come from," he answered. "Your aunt,

about girls was true. Worse than anything he had ever thought.

now, she wants refinement. Peanuts not allowed. No gum. And as for these—poison!"

He picked from the wares of a passing newsboy three illustrated books composed entirely of comic strips.

"I have never," Miss Parador said, "had three of these books at once."

"You've always wanted them?" he suggested.

"Yearned!" she supplied.

"Do you know what I'm doing? I'm buying your favor, that's what," he confessed. "I couldn't stand your sternness. Hey, boy, peanuts!" Henry spoke in the voice of a young ruler to whom nothing is denied.

"Sure, Gawk! Right off," the trainboy responded. Henry's companion now turned toward him.

"What," she inquired cautiously, "was that he called you?"

"Gawk," responded Henry meekly.

"You're not Gawk Adams?" she said accusingly.

"Uh-her," said Gawk with the shy modesty of the heir to the throne whose incognito has been discovered.

"Wait," she said, "until I tell the girls that I've been traveling with Gawk Adams and he's been feeding me peanuts and chewing gum!"

He maintained a self-conscious silence.

"But what's the use?" she said. "They will never believe it."

"I'll prove it to them," said Henry. "Send you a picture—signed."

"You will?" she cried. "You won't!" She bounced up and down in her seat.

"Oh," said Henry, "why, why do little girls have to grow up?"

"HERE you are, Gawk," said the trainboy.

"Anything else you want, Miss Parador?" asked Gawk. She shook her head.

"I just want to know one thing: How did you get your reputation as a woman-hater?"

"You seem to be well informed about my habits. How?"

"Older sister," she said briefly.

"Older sister ought to be the answer. Girls from twelve to fourteen are the nicest things going. Grand pals. And then an awful thing happens."

"What is it?" asked Miss Parador.

"Search me," he said forlornly. "They just grow up. You see, as long as you're little it's all right, but I say 'Good-by' to you on your sixteenth birthday or, if you're too grown up, on your fifteenth. Some terrible thing happens to lovely little girls. For one thing, they become cannibals."

They approached New York. "Suppose," he said, "you had a whole afternoon in New York? What would you do?" But she objected.

"Why not?" he asked. "Why can't you have a runaway afternoon?" It seemed to her that there was an explosion of triumph inside her heart.

"He likes me," she thought. "He isn't just being nice to me because I'm a little kid. He likes *Me!*" Here was Rose Mary Parador, the grown-up cannibal, putting it all over the notorious high-hatter of girls, Henry Adams—Gawk.

"Well," he asked, "now that you're going to elope with me for the afternoon, where are we going?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A MAN TRAP FOR GAWKY Continued from Page Nine]

"The Ritz," she said, "and Cocoanuts if there are tickets."

"I'll manage tickets," he assured her grandly.

Oh, it was a mean thing to do, she reflected, but she couldn't help it. No one in the world had ever been taken out by Gawk Adams. And to display him around at the Ritz and at a popular matinee! "Course," she argued, "as soon as he finds out how old I am he'll ditch me anyway."

So in the taxi uptown she was very silent because little Mollie Parador, Gawk's friend, was arguing with Rose Mary Parador, who was Gawk's enemy. They argued it back and forth all the way up to the Ritz, plowing their way through this unfamiliar New York.

He was, she could see, perfectly happy. Then suddenly it became unbearable to Rose Mary Parador that anything should spoil his gayety. Any minute now, any second, someone would come over to her and smile knowingly that she had managed to hook this big fish. She couldn't bear it. There he sat, so gay and boyish and trusting. And pretty soon he was going to hate her.

The truth illuminated her mind. It was absurd she hadn't understood it before. "He can't stand girls when they're grown up because some girl's been awfully mean to him. Just as I'm being mean. He's been hurt—as I've been."

She felt as though he were in mortal peril, as if something sweet would be murdered when he should find her out.

MEANWHILE the other person who was Mollie was chatting happily and ordering things that don't go together, acting exactly as if she were a little girl in a fairy story. Which was what she was. Only Rose Mary Parador knew that right around the corner there was a witch who was going to change everything into toads and rats and pumpkins.

"Maybe it would be better if I told him," she thought. And then he said something to Mollie that showed it would never do. So she waited from moment to moment for the enchantment to be broken; waited fearfully for the happiness to be wiped off his face, for doubt to come into his eyes.

But nothing happened. Not a soul came along that knew them. In the theater a few heads were turned. A few people murmured to each other, "There goes Gawk Adams."

When they went out he hurried her down the street, away from the lights. He tucked her into a taxi.

"I'm coming up to see you this summer," he said.

"Oh, no!" she answered in alarm. "Oh, no! I'm not allowed to have beaus. I've an older sister. She'd never stand for it."

"We'll elude her," he said, "just as we've eluded them this afternoon."

She drove off, feeling excited and comfortable inside as if she'd really been a little girl into whose lap, so to speak, the great Gawk Adams had fallen. Distinguished now forever, since she was the only girl in the world that he had ever taken to a matinee.

She didn't know at all what had happened to her until his picture came. A large, beautiful picture, and on it was written: "To Mollie, from her friend, Gawk Adams." There was a note with it, too, that said:

> DEAR MOLLIE: This is so you can show the girls. It's the only picture I ever sent anyone. See you next summer.
>
> GAWK ADAMS.

Then Rose Mary Parador wrapped the picture up and hid it away as fast as she could. What had happened was clear! She was in love. The man she was in love with would despise her as soon as he found her out.

"He shan't find me out," she thought. "He shan't. Not until he cares himself; until he cares so much that he won't care that I'm old as Methuselah." And her resolve was strengthened by brief communications written on picture post cards.

"He cares," she thought fiercely. "He wouldn't write me if he didn't."

SHE was to meet him in a sandy cove. It had been done with clandestine precautions. He had found out, it seemed, about a man-eating ogress of the name of Rose Mary Parador, who in the nature of things could be counted on to annihilate a young sister who'd dare have such friends as Henry Adams.

So one day Rose Mary Parador went into her room and Mollie Parador came out, dressed in her camp clothes—a kilted skirt and a white middy. "Not a day over fourteen," she had to admit. Still he was going to find her out. And again she felt as though she were going to meet her betrothed.

In all her ruthless existence Rose Mary Parador had never known a moment like this, for her heart beat fast and she had a disconcerting uncertainness in her knees. She sat in the little secret cove waiting.

He didn't come. The minutes dripped past. A sailboat rounded the point bent to the wind. There he was, his flaming head shining bright against the sea. He came up into the wind.

"Hello," he said. "Can't get nearer the shore. The tide's ebbing. Wade in."

"Wade?" said Rose Mary.

"Sure," he said. "Off with your shoes and stockings. Can you sail a boat?"

"No," she said, starting on her shoes and stockings.

"Neither can I," said he cheerfully. "I just bought this boat a couple of days ago."

She waded in hurriedly. The water was up to her knees. She managed to scramble in, draggled as a puppy that's been thrown into the water.

"You'll be all right in a minute," he said. "I brought along a bathing-suit for you. Then you can dry your things."

Once on the island he treated her with a flattering respect one accords a distinguished visitor. They cooked lunch on a little fire. They swam, then they dried themselves in the sand. And presently Rose Mary knew she had never been quite so happy in her life before.

This was the beginning of her double life. She would slip off at a fantastically early hour in the morning to find the sailboat waiting for her. They shared together the great adventure of learning to sail. They were becalmed for hours. Once they were capsized. And there was a hairbreadth escape, the memory of which made Rose Mary cold. She had been recognized and only by a chance was her secret safe.

She was playing for time. She had been robbed of all her small enchantments. He had a goodness and humility against which she was powerless. In their long and lazy days she had found out all about Gawky Adams, for he prattled on unguarded. He had a rather stupid way of keeping faith with a certain simple code. She gathered that the absence of such a code was his idea of what ailed girls.

As she became more deeply involved she was more convinced that he would never forgive her treachery. She had this moment and that was all. On the other hand, why did he spend so much time with her? The only answer must be that he had grown to care for her behind his own back. But he cared for Mollie and not for Rose Mary. He'd care about the deceit. She could imagine the bleak, lost look that he would have.

For the first time there was autumn in the air. He was lying with his elbows in the sand and his face in his hands. His dark eyebrows met in a scowl. He was unhappy. Mollie knew what he was thinking about, for could she think of anything else except that the summer was almost over?

"He'll have to know some time. Tell him yourself. Tell him everything."

"In a minute," she answered herself. "Just a moment longer."

He didn't speak. Mollie became apprehensive. What if he had found out? But what Henry Adams had found out was something quite different. The day before his peace of mind had been shattered. The day before Mollie had passed him driving along with Hank Andrews. She was chattering happily. She didn't see Henry.

This, he reflected, probably happened every day. His Mollie drove around with all sorts of people and talked to them and laughed with them and danced with them. And why shouldn't she? All the same it was unbearable. And he turned on himself in contempt and thought:

"You poor fool! This is what comes of being scared to death of older girls. That's what your high-hat amounts to. Now you've done it. You go and pick on a little kid, on a poor little kid who isn't old enough to have a beau in short pants, and you're jealous of her."

THE old awful feeling of being ridiculous flowed over him. Molly, lying beside him, let the sand slide through her fingers as though her fist were an hourglass. When the sand had gone, she'd tell him. She looked up at him. His dark eyebrows made a black gash across his face. She took another fistful of sand, let it trickle out.

"Gawk," she said, "Gawk, what's the matter?" He looked at her. He saw that she looked at him with adoring eyes. But he would not believe what he saw. He said to himself: "There you are, you fool—dreaming dreams." What if she did love him? What then?

"Gawk," she faltered, "I want to tell you something." Now she had got to the end of the world. She took her heart in her two hands and stood ready to give it to him. He was too shaken by what he had seen in her eyes to do anything but say gruffly:

"Come on, let's swim."

"But, Gawk," she implored, "wait just a moment." He saw that she was trembling. It seemed to him then and there he must catch her in his arms and tell her he loved her. And this, of course, was both impossible and intolerable.

He dived clean into the water and came to the surface about twenty feet from shore and

called to her, "Come on!" and went on with a swift, steady stroke. She followed him.

Maybe what happened was because she was already worn with the supreme effort of her life and she couldn't stand anything more. Maybe she was trying to swim fast to catch up with him. Anyway, when he turned he saw a helpless hand in the air and saw her sink. It seemed to him that a space as wide as eternity separated them from each other. Though he had never swum so fast in his life, he seemed to stand still. She came to the surface again and sank again. Then he had her in his arms and it wasn't far to shore.

When Mollie first remembered anything he was bending over her, begging her, in the name of his love, to open her eyes. She kept her eyes closed longer than necessary just to listen to him. She lay back luxuriously, awed because she had heard him tell her that he loved her.

She needed this assurance. Somewhere deep within her she had always feared that he loved Mollie Parador only with kindness, as a little girl should be loved. "I'll tell him tomorrow," she thought. "Today is too sweet. Today he can still love little Mollie Parador."

It was an added sweetness to her that he could tell this little girl he loved her. He took her to the mainland and then went for a car and drove her home.

"Don't you dare come out tomorrow," he warned her. "I'll be around to see how you are."

"Tomorrow," Mollie thought, "tomorrow I will tell him what I know. What he told me."

So all day long Rose Mary sat waiting. She had a sense of still exaltation. Rose Mary Parador was waiting for Gawk Adams, who loved her and had told her he loved her. And then instead of Gawk came a little scrubby boy with a note. It read:

DEAR MOLLIE: I had to go. Good-by.
GAWK.

Henry Adams had vanished. No one knew where. He had, it appeared, merely packed his bag and said he was going. He had found out.

TWO weeks passed. Vacation was over. They were having the last big dance at the Country Club. Rose Mary went and she was as lonely as the moon or as any other girl who has everything except the one man she cares for. And then her partner, who was Hank Andrews, said:

"Hello! There's Gawk." She looked up, and not twenty feet away there he stood, towering over the others, his dark eyebrows almost meeting, and looking amazed.

This was one of the things she'd foreseen. It was one of the emergencies she'd met a thousand times. She'd be at a dance and so would he. And it had happened. But the plans she'd made—where were they? Gone. Hank Adams was saying: "I want you to meet Miss Rose Mary Parador. This is the great Gawk, you know, Rose Mary."

The color ebbed from his face and left it a queer gray. He looked at her with amazement and horror. She wanted to cry to him, "Don't, don't, don't feel like that!" She wanted to shout to him how she loved him. It seemed as if all the words in the world were crowded so together that she couldn't speak one of them. There she was—the living proof that everything he thought about girls was true. Worse than anything he had ever thought. She knew that he felt she had played with him and made fun of him. And he was stricken. At last he spoke:

"Mollie?"

"Yes."

"I'M buying your favor, that's what. I couldn't stand your sternness."

He stared at her another moment and then turned and shouldered his way through the crowd, while Hank Andrews swore to himself.

And then Mollie darted after Gawk. Without a word or a look at Hank Andrews, she left him to fly after Gawk Adams, a tall figure who was now vanishing to the piazza. She saw a shadow gleaming out of the darkness, leaving. Twelve o'clock had struck, sure enough. Everything had turned into toads and rats and pumpkins. She simply wouldn't have it. She called out in the face of everyone in a bleat like a little girl:

"Gawk, wa-a-i-t! Wa-a-a-i-t—for me!" And then, as he didn't pay any attention and started his car, she flew back to Hank Andrews.

"Quick!" she said. "Get into your car. I've got to catch Gawk!" The fierceness of her onslaught left no room for questions. Unresisting he followed her. From the club only one road led into town. They could see the lights of Gawk Adams' car ahead of them.

"Don't let him get away! You've got to catch him!" cried Mollie. The car leaped through the darkness. He had swung through the town. And he wasn't going to stop there for the night. He was going.

"Go on! Go on, if you have to follow all night! I've got to catch him!" Mollie's urgency swept everything before it. Chance favored her. Gawk's car stopped. They swept up alongside it. He was standing beside his car and looked up to see who had stopped beside him. He recognized her.

"What have you come for?" he asked with quiet bitterness.

"Gawk," she cried at him, "don't! Can't you see what I've come for? I've come to ask you to marry me. Please, Gawk."

THE END

No Food with my

Noted Author Tells Secret of Keeping Fit—and How She Loathes Her Trainer

NOBODY would love a fat Valentino.

FANNIE HURST for years has been one of the most prolific writers in America. Her energy is amazing, and short stories, articles, novels, and movie scenarios continue to come from her pen with bewildering rapidity.

Despite the strain on her body and her nerves, she says she feels better, healthier, and fit to do still more work today than ever before. In this article she tells for the first time the secret of her enormous vitality.

Who's Who says she is thirty-six years old. At the rate she is going, Fannie Hurst may succeed in establishing a new record in literary production.

HOW I keep fit may not be as entertaining or spectacular reading as how Gloria Swanson and Jeritza and Douglas Fairbanks and Ethel Barrymore and Valentino and Marilyn Miller and Frank Tilden and Edna Wallace Hopper and Pavlowa keep fit.

They are the show pieces of the genus Homo.

It is their job to keep fit in the more exacting sense than it is your job, or my job, to keep fit.

Pola Negri knows that a relentless public is watching for that ever-lurking second chin to encroach.

Douglas Fairbanks realizes that to his kind of athletic swiftness belongs his kind of victory.

Fancy Mary Pickford with a sallow complexion or the lack-luster eyes of too sedentary habits. Or, rather, fancy Mary Pickford's public!

Jascha Heifitz' technique would be his technique, bald head or no bald head, but it is a wise Jascha, Mischa, or Toscha who looks to each and every one of his crowns of glory, hirsute included.

It is the sedentary folks, to whom the human envelope is not a stock in trade, the people in offices and studios, in homes and schools, to whom this business, not only of getting fit but of keeping fit, is an elusive problem; people whose corporeal reality is hidden behind the job.

The fear of public disapproval is not their incentive.

Nobody would love a fat Valentino, but who cares whether the author of this article, or the inventor of rubber heels, or the mother of the six Jones youngsters, or the president of the City Bank is fat or thin, sallow or fair?

There is no ferret-eyed public to count the crow's-feet or the sagging face muscles of Thomas Edison or Thomas Hardy, or Madame Curie, or Orville Wright, or Mary Roberts Rinehart, or Rose O'Neill, or James Smith of the Equitable.

No editor has ever said to me, "I can't use your story. I need a younger author with a more athletic figure."

We are the folks outside the literal public eye, who confront the real problem of keeping fit. No public to guide us!

Nobody much cares, except perhaps an individual here or there. A husband. A parent. A friend. A wife. And usually they sum it up: "Oh, of course, I do wish you had a better color, or that you could get rid of those crow's-feet, or that you had a bit more flesh on your bones, but I like you as you are. You suit me!"

Well, as a lady writer who can hide her silhouette behind her books, when the importance of this business of getting fit and keeping fit began to dawn upon me, the first thing I set about was to find a taskmaster with a pulling power equal to that of the public.

It was not easy. Nobody cared much about my human machine so long as the cogs did not actually slip enough to incapacitate me. Members of my family looked indulgently upon my tendency to overtip the scale. Long daily walks were encouraged, but only when they did not interfere with my social engagements. Walter Camp's voice over the phonograph intoning the daily dozen was not a particularly provocative one. Diet observations, when they upset the culinary department

Meals

An Article by

Fannie Hurst

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

of the household, were none too popular an innovation. Sleeping bags were condemned as faddistic. Punching bags as pugilistic.

And yet, all the while, growing within this lady writer were convictions that her day-by-day kind of life, desk-bound, city-bound, was diametrically opposed to sustained physical well-being.

Let well enough alone? Yes, but was it well enough? Early in my writing career I decided that it wasn't.

And as a person blessed with good health, with no danger signals to flash red lights, I decided that the only taskmaster who could drive me to the considerable task of not only keeping fit but improving my fitness was to summon to my aid that trusty ally, Common Sense.

Enough common sense to realize that a sedentary life of six or seven hours a day at a desk and then six or seven hours or more at the sedentary city occupations of indoor sports—social obligations, long dinners, theaters, lectures, lengthy periods of reading, etc.—were not "well enough" to be let alone.

I needed no doctor to tell me that. Only common sense.

Good health, an enormous physical inertia, no public to drive me, no manifestations of ill health, no vertiginous sensations or fluttering heart to fire me with the imperative need of changed habits of living.

Constitutionally an inert person, I would rather walk toward that nearest exit than run. I have no great flair for outdoor sports. I am a fair hand at tennis, golf indifferently, and in college days played a conscientious game of basket ball. But I confess that, usually, I prefer to sit on the veranda of a country club and sip oversweet lemonade to making my nine or eighteen holes.

I sympathize with Alice Roosevelt Longworth, who triumphantly announced not long ago that she had reached the age where she could loudly proclaim that she detested tennis and all strenuous effort.

With a natural tendency to overweight, I forego pastries with a pang; cast cadaverous eyes upon starchy foods; prefer my coffee sweet, my salads richly dressed; and marshmallows, stiffly attired in caramel coating, are my favorite food!

Up to three years ago a box of these last usually reposed upon a corner of my desk. My tennis racket lay warping in a hall closet. My morning exercise consisted of yawning luxuriously and then unyawning, and the deepest I ever breathed was to sigh with satisfaction.

I regret, for the sake of my tale, that I am unable to report, during the outrageously sedentary years that followed my graduation from the active days of college, a breakdown in health. As a matter of fact, an initial superendowment of that priceless gift apparently lasted me through those years of blatant abuses.

EXCEPT for a secret and ashamed sense of my own slothfulness and a growing unease each time I mounted a scale, nothing happened to my human machine that stimulated me to action.

What stimulated me to final action was a combination of circumstances that conspired against my slothful habits:

The constant reiteration in press and public prints of all sorts of the growing awareness of the American public to the need of diet and exercise to offset the artificial scheme of modern daily life, both rural and urban.

The health stories that began to appear in the magazines and dailies of men and women in public life who had grown old intelligently and grandly.

Conversations of my own with scientific men of eminence.

Observations of the effect of daily habits upon the mind and the health and the appearance of the people about me.

A growing distaste for my own creature habits of undisciplined eating and general routine.

One morning I descended from my bathroom scale and, with a decision that had been aborning for some time come suddenly into its own, took a taxicab the six blocks over to my doctor's office and requested a thorough "going over."

Except for a rather languid blood pressure and a slightly fast pulse, my condition was reported fit. I was advised to reduce in weight. To exercise. To abstain from the starch and sugar foods. To observe the ordinary hygienic laws of fresh air, light clothing, and no excesses of any kind.

Other than these elementary scientific precautions prescribed by my doctor, and to be read for that matter in the medical dai-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[NO FOOD WITH MY MEALS
Continued from Page Thirteen]

columns of any reputable newspaper, my methods for getting and keeping fit were from this point on entirely homespun, so to speak.

That visit to my physician was three years ago. I have subsequently gone annually for what is termed a "once-over." The last one revealed a generally normal condition.

Since that first visit three years ago I have changed my habits to such an extent that the schedule of my workday is practically changed in its entirety. At first the discipline was difficult. The routine of a luxurious breakfast in bed, long, lazy, steaming-hot bath, and then to my desk until lunch, which consisted of the rich foods most palatable to me, was not easy to crash into.

EVEN now the new regime seems Spartan at times, but under it not only am I a more efficient working machine, but where I felt well before, I feel twice as fit now. I am down to what is about normal weight for me. In some cases I have achieved an actual distaste for the old taboo rich foods. I work better, sleep better, live better.

I adapted my methods to my own particular needs. I know them better than any doctor can. I know that I happen to be full of natural vitality, that I can apply more strenuous methods to attain my ends than a less bountifully endowed individual. No doctor can possibly work out for me the fact that I require only a maximum of six hours' sleep. I know that I have an enormous resistance to fatigue. A capacity for sustained effort. An endurance that I can test to a greater limit than a person with a lesser resistance than mine.

These are the wisdoms that each of us must attain for himself.

Unusual character study of the author by James Montgomery Flagg.

The moral courage to go through this routine is a goal.

I not only, at this writing, am fit, but I keep fit. And this is my way of working it out for my particular needs:

At 6:30 A. M. a physical trainer arrives at my home and puts me through one hour of setting-up exercises. Arm, leg, and torso movements. Deep breathing. Rolling. Rowing motions, etc.

I may say right here that if I were a person of the fine and high resolve I seem to have implied from time to time in this article, the paid services of this trainer would not be necessary. The old tendencies of inertia still persist to such an extent that without him I have not the courage to carry through the procedure.

The moral courage to go through the routine without the flayings of this trainer, whom I call my Simon Legree, is a goal toward which I am still traveling.

Incidentally, I loathe this trainer.

His smiling morning face, his fierce, his exuberant kind of matinal resiliency, fill me with the desire to pummel him with the two six-pound dumb-bells he greets me with every day.

After the departure of my Simon Legree, my bath, warmer than a less robust constitution could stand it and then letting it come cooler and cooler and end in an invigorating cold shower.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Vegetable Soup! So hearty! So tempting! So delicious!

When you say, "Oh, for a plate of good old fashioned vegetable soup!"—you mean exactly the full-flavored, substantial kind that Campbell's make.

The kind of vegetable soup that your appetite simply cannot resist—it tastes so good!

The kind of vegetable soup that satisfies your hunger, invigorates you, makes you glad that you have eaten it!

It's wonderful how skillfully and delightfully Campbell's French chefs have blended the thirty-two different ingredients in this soup.

Why not let these trained "specialists" in soup-making work for you? Why not let your appetite enjoy today the delicious soup for which they are so famous?

32 ingredients **12 cents a can**

Cudahy's Puritan Ham

Finer Flavor because

ripened naturally

The special Cudahy process of "ripening naturally" is responsible for the delicious finer flavor and tenderness for which Puritan Hams are so distinguished.

This exacting Cudahy method slowly and naturally diffuses the piquant, spicy pickle and the rich juices of the young meats selected for Puritan without hurrying or forcing.

Puritan Hams are then smoked just right, which enhances their finer flavor. There is no need to parboil.

You'll be delighted with Cudahy's Puritan Ham. Like all other Cudahy products—"The Taste Tells."

At your dealer's.

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A. makers of Puritan Hams·Bacon·Lard

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

Next, mail and telephone. At 8:30 a breakfast consisting of the juice of one lemon and one orange in a cup of warm water. One slice of dry, whole-wheat toast and a cup of half-and-half coffee substitute and hot milk, without sugar or saccharine. The first six hundred and twenty-seven breakfasts of this kind are the hardest. After that I can truthfully say one goes to it gratefully and with relish.

Then to my desk.

At eleven o'clock a raw apple.

At half after one a plate of hot soup composed of fresh tomatoes, cabbage, celery, and green peppers boiled in plain water. No meat stock. No fats of any kind. This, by the way, makes an excellent soup.

At three o'clock, just before knocking off work, a raw apple.

Then one hour's walk in Central Park or along gay and busy city streets. Occasionally a ferry ride across the Hudson and a hike along the Palisades.

AFTERWARD, between five and six, a social activity such as a late tea hour, with no indulgence beyond a cup of weak tea, or preferably not even that. Another half-hour walk before dinner. A ten-minute period for "forty winks," and at seven-thirty the evening meal, consisting of: Once a week, the white meat of chicken; once a week, a white-meat fish. The remaining five dinners meatless, but composed of a good variety of fresh vegetables, palatable mushroom concoctions, salads with lemon-juice dressings, cooked fruits, and no bread at all during the day, except the one brown slice at breakfast and one or two water crackers, which may be taken with a bit of cheese in the evening.

On this diet I have thrived. I have reduced my weight to what I consider normal for me, and not according to the weight scale printed on the penny machines in drug stores and on subway platforms.

I sleep six hours where eight have been prescribed for me, because I know that I require no more.

I eat what amounts to one meal a day because I have learned that in my case this rule successfully applies. And in the years that I have practiced it I have turned out the greatest bulk of work of my career. During this time I have traveled in remote countries, including Russia, and have managed to observe my diet almost to the letter.

I have sat through countless public and formal luncheons without touching food and have managed, under all conditions at home and abroad, to adhere to my method. A method that has not to do with weight reduction primarily, but with the accomplishment of a state of general fitness.

I remember in the days before I systematized my morning exercises, I used to make sporadic attempts to lay my qualms of conscience. For one entire winter I rose at six and for one hour walked around and around the reservoir in Central Park. A college friend of mine, a rather frail girl endowed with about less than half my vitality, was also suffering from a vague awareness that sedentary city life was diametrically opposed to continued well-being.

During that winter this young woman insisted upon falling in with my regime and adopting, instead of adapting, my habits of exercise and diet, with the unfortunate result that after a winter of the too-strenuous-for-her regime of early-morning hikes around the reservoir, curtailed diet, etc., where I had thrived and physically prospered, she had succeeded only in undermining her health to such an extent that she spent two months in the Adirondacks recuperating.

Every human being knows best for himself whether six hours of sleep refreshes or depresses him. Whether he can more easily reduce the size of his breakfast or his lunch. There is little doubt that certain axioms apply to almost everybody, but they need some modification.

One of the great strides toward longevity in recent years is the gradual education of the public toward a realization of the prime importance of the annual medical "once-over."

For a nominal charge, the individual can now have his body gone over for considerably less than he can have his automobile overhauled. Incipient disorders, owing to the paternalism of life institutes, are thus dealt one of the worst blows in the history of the human race.

The individual who submits to this annual going-over stands armed for the foe. His chances of longevity are immeasurably increased.

It is incredible that this lesson is so difficult to drive home. Life insurance companies, by their enforcement of this realization upon the individual, bid fair to become the greatest sociological benefactors of their time.

There is a stubborn old fear lurking in mankind. The "If-I-have-anything-the-matter-with-me-I-don't-want-to-know-about-it" cowardice.

It is a state of mind that since the beginning of man has sent him to his grave too soon.

There are certain fundamental truths, outside the realm of medicine, which everyone can know for himself. Realization of the need of keeping the human machine fit by understanding your own is the foremost of them.

A wise old fourth-century Greek named Aristoxenus, who lived in a day when half truths were incredibly more bountiful even than they are now, said that the will to be well is no small part of health.

If that is true, and true it is, then the will to be well is the most important determination in the world.

I am a poor exponent of the cause, because I am not a congenital, blown-in-the-glass, dyed-in-the-wool health go-getter.

But in a way I am also a classic example of how to keep fit though fit.

IT is those of us who live along in fairly good health who have the really subtle battle to fight. No danger signals to guide us. No red lights. No aches. No pains. Just the lurking fellow, Common Sense, to depend upon for an occasional poke.

In a way, that is the answer to how it is so many of these semi-invalid folks—the wiry, nervous, ailing kind—so often outlive the apparently husky ones.

It is because the red lights of pain and organic disorders have been flashing to the weak ones and they have been obliged to heed nature's laws.

It is the huskies who ignore them, and get by—for a while.

How to keep fit though fit is always bound to be a problem of the greater part of humanity over any given time. The great majority of people outside of hospital walls and sick beds. The people who seldom have an ache or a pain beyond that run-down feeling or the annual attack of "flu" or an occasional headache or sore throat. The well-to-middling folks who don't always feel right up to the minute, but just the same can boast never having spent a week in bed in their lives.

How to keep fit though fit is the problem of the naturally inert folks, like me. The veranda lizards and the hammock hounds. The individual who would rather ride than walk there.

My process of keeping fit though fit has been a process of flagellation. After months of it, that early-morning ring at the doorbell, announcing my Simon Legree, is sufficient to make me greet my rosy dawn with a yowl of rage. I munch my slice of dry toast and yearn for waffles and maple syrup. I am the kind of abstemious person who would rather see than be one.

But, all in all, though I whine, it has been worth it. It is worth it. It will be worth it.

I believe with Aristoxenus that the will to be well is no small part of health.

I WILL!

THE END

Beginning in Liberty Next Week

The Greatest Series of Articles ON HOME BUILDING *Ever Printed*

Here is a new way of studying and SOLVING the problems of home builders. These articles will describe, step by step, the planning and building of a number of real houses while they are actually under construction.

* * *

You can follow the practical work every inch of the way—from the time the owner tells the architect what he wants until he settles back to enjoy his newly completed home.

* * *

The houses selected for description in this OWN-YOUR-HOME series are typical American homes of moderate size and cost. As they go up, you will learn how and why each move is made and each dollar is spent.

Lay a Sound Foundation! Start at the Beginning!

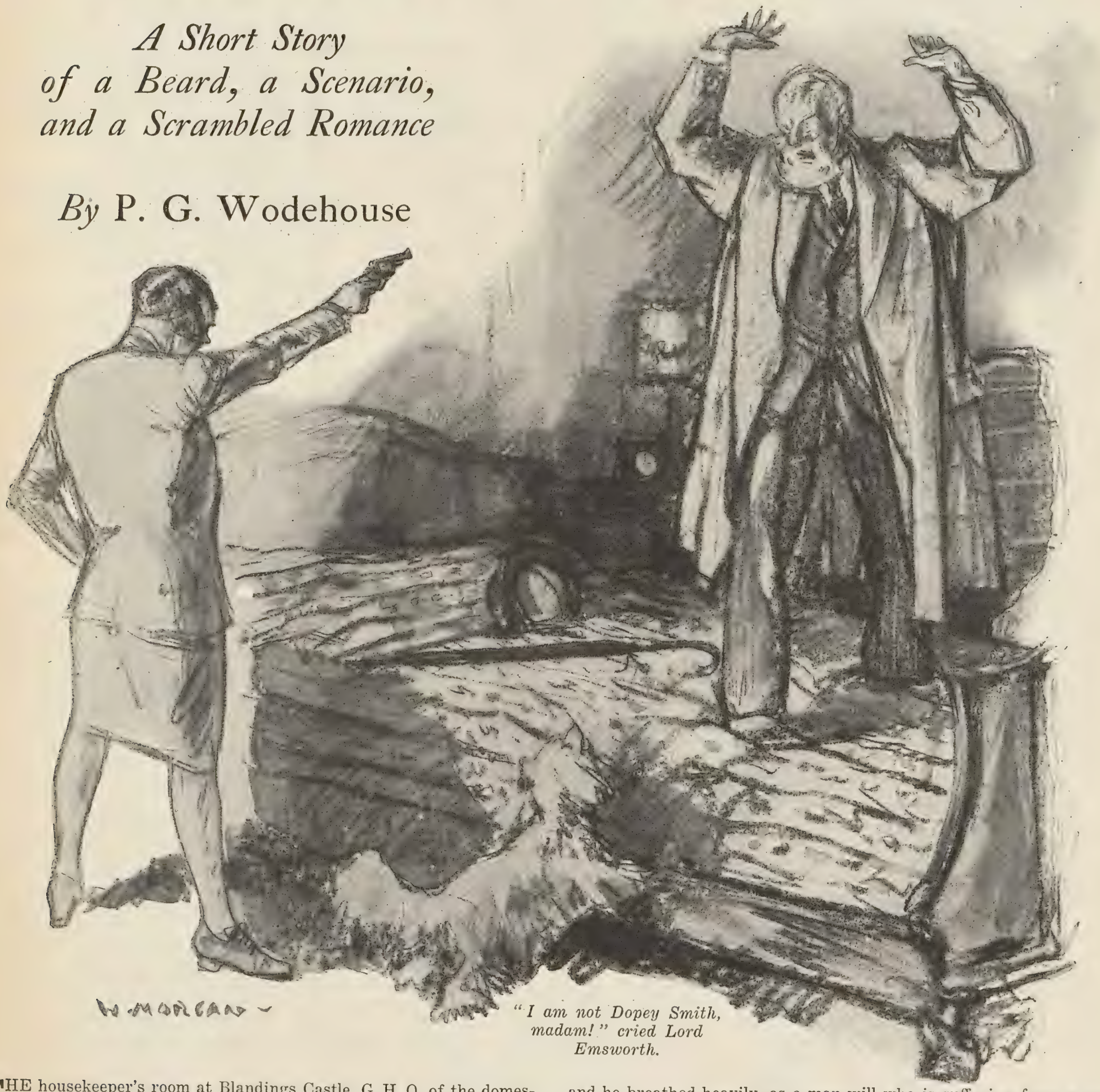
IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

Lord Emsworth Acts *for the* Best

Pictures by
WALLACE MORGAN

A Short Story of a Beard, a Scenario, and a Scrambled Romance

By P. G. Wodehouse



"I am not Dopey Smith, madam!" cried Lord Emsworth.

THE housekeeper's room at Blandings Castle, G. H. Q. of the domestic staff that ministered to the needs of that amiable but woolen-headed peer, the Earl of Emsworth, was in normal circumstances a pleasant and cheerful apartment.

Yet, with the entry of Beach, the butler, it was as though there had crept into its atmosphere a chill dreariness, and Mrs. Twemlow, the housekeeper, laying down her knitting, gazed at him in alarm.

"Whatever is the matter, Mr. Beach?"

The butler stared moodily out of the window. His face was drawn and he breathed heavily, as a man will who is suffering from a combination of strong emotion and adenoids. A ray of sunshine, which had been advancing jauntily along the carpet, caught sight of his face and slunk out, abashed.

"I have come to a decision, Mrs. Twemlow."

"What about?"

"Ever since his lordship started to grow it, I have seen the writing on the wall plainer and plainer, and now I have made up my mind. The

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Many WOMEN are eager to know *more* about their cars

Especially the really modern women. Those who do things "on their own" —who drive cars well and want to care for them equally well . . . to these most capable ladies we offer some information and advice.

ANOTHER myth has exploded .... the time-worn notion that women couldn't understand things like automobiles and motors and motor oils. Most modern women drivers not only *can,* but do.

On this matter of motor oils, for instance. All women who drive cars realize that it ruins a motor to run without oil. Now, thousands of the more careful ones also realize that it is quite as necessary to have the *right* oil.

A motor oil has a big job to do. Only the exceptionally fine oil can perform that job efficiently. Only as fine an oil as Veedol can save your motor from damage —can save you from annoyance and repair bills.

Here's why ...

EVERY mile you drive, your motor is menaced by heat and friction. Heat great enough to sear and scorch metal! Friction fierce enough to grind down one metal part against another! The only thing that prevents these disasters is a sheer film of oil, thinner than this sheet of paper.

Many oil films are not strong enough to withstand the very heat and friction against which they must guard your motor. They break down themselves. They tear and burn up. Every break in the film instantly becomes a point of vicious attack on the motor by those twin enemies—furious heat and relentless friction.

Then you get damaged parts—burned-out bearings, scored cylinders, seized pistons. You also get a laid-up car and large bills for new parts and repairs.

Why you need the Veedol "film of protection"

IT really is quite unnecessary to run such risks. All you need to do is to ask your garage man or service station for Veedol—the oil that gives the "film of protection".

For years Veedol technologists experimented with oils and *oil films.* They made thousands of laboratory tests, hundreds of road tests. Finally they achieved Veedol, the oil you can depend on—the oil that gives the *famous "film of protection".*

This Veedol film, *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel,* withstands the heat and friction in your motor. It *protects*—every part of your motor, every mile of the way.

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NOTE TO READERS

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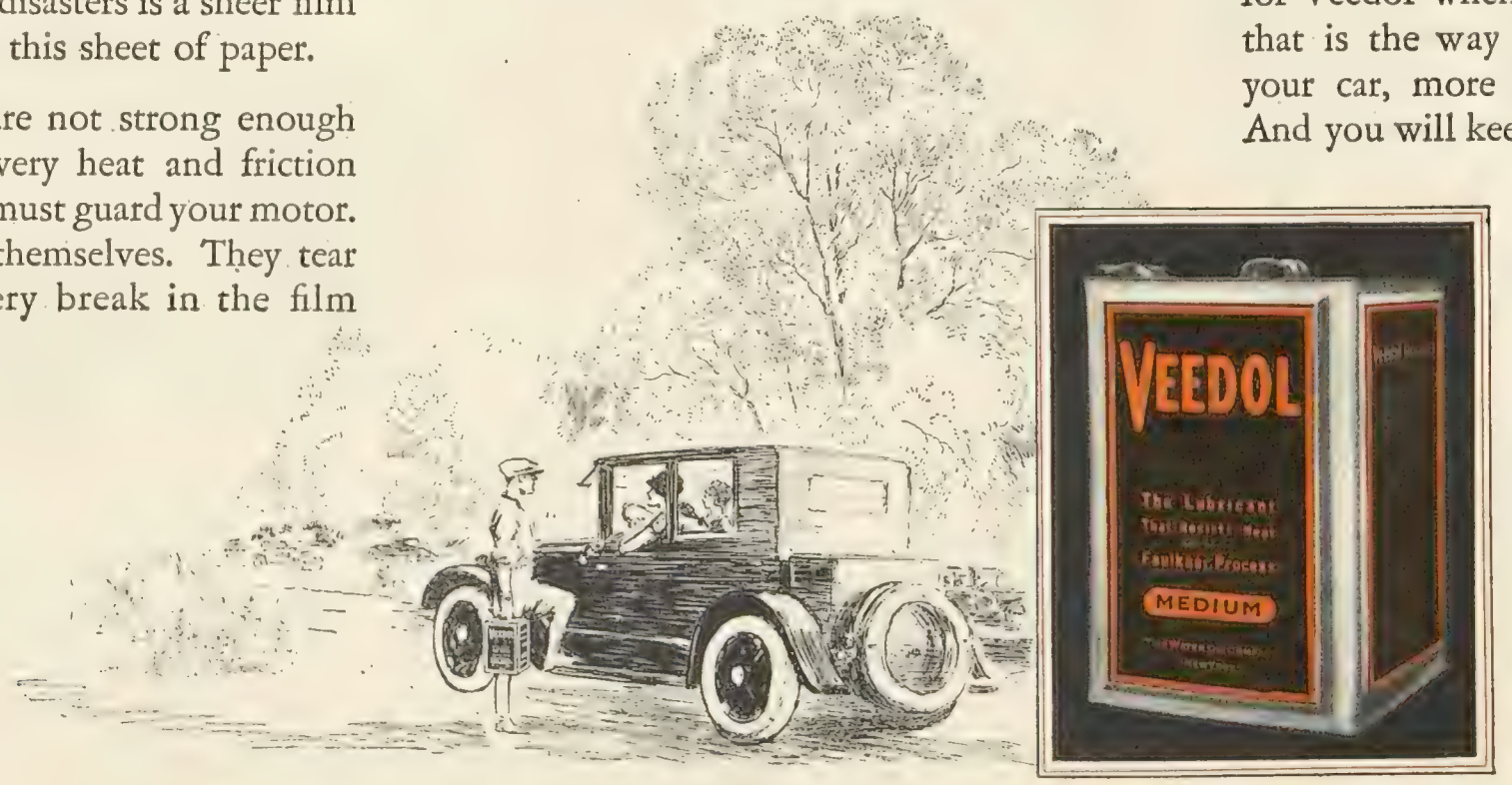

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—*and* plenty of it!

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And right there you have the best of all reasons for choosing faucets that have an established record for working right *always*.

Forget—if you can afford to—the money wasted when that hot water faucet ran all night. Remember only that it forced you to shave or bathe in cold water. Forget—if you can—the cost of faucet repairs and remember only the inconvenience to the whole household when the water was temporarily shut off.

There still remains the fact that water—all you want, when you want it—is your *right*.

The hammer blows of 69 years have forged a golden reputation for Mueller Faucets. They are *your* kind of faucets—the kind that turn completely off and fully on—the kind that won't groan or splash. For the bathroom, the kitchen sink, the laundry—for every need—they offer uninterrupted service at lowest cost.

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MUELLER FAUCETS

faucets without a fault

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

moment his lordship returns from London, I tender my resignation. Eighteen years have I served in his lordship's household, commencing as underfootman and rising to my present position, but now the end has come."

"You don't mean you're going just because his lordship has grown a beard?"

"It is the only way, Mrs. Twemlow. That beard is weakening his lordship's position throughout the entire countryside. Are you aware that at the recent Sunday-school treat I heard cries of 'Beaver!'?"

"No!"

"Yes! And this spirit of mockery and disrespect will spread. And, what is more, that beard is alienating the best elements in the county. I saw Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe look very sharp at it when he dined with us last Friday."

"It is not a handsome beard," admitted the housekeeper.

"It is not. It looks like some sort of fungus. And his lordship must be informed. As long as I remain in his lordship's service, it is impossible for me to speak. So I shall tender my resignation. Once that is done, my lips will no longer be sealed. Is that buttered toast under that dish, Mrs. Twemlow?"

"Yes, Mr. Beach. Take a slice. It will cheer you up."

"Cheer me up!" said the butler, with a hollow laugh that sounded like a knell.

IT was fortunate that Lord Emsworth, seated at the time of this conversation in the smoking-room of the Senior Conservative Club in London, had no suspicion of the supreme calamity that was about to fall upon him, for there was already much upon his mind.

In the last few days, indeed, everything seemed to have gone wrong. Angus McAllister, his head gardener, had reported an alarming invasion of green fly among the roses. A favorite and respected cow had contracted a mysterious ailment which was baffling the skill of the local vet. And on top of all this a telegram had arrived from his lordship's younger son, the Hon. Frederick Threepwood, announcing that he was back in England and desirous of seeing his father immediately.

This, felt Lord Emsworth, as he stared bleakly before him at the little groups of happy Senior Conservatives, was the most unkindest cut of all. What on earth was Freddie doing in England? Eighteen months before, he had married the only daughter of Donaldson's Dog Biscuits, of Long Island City in the United States of America; and in Long Island City he ought now to have been, sedulously promoting the dog-biscuit industry's best interests. Instead of which, here he was in London—and, according to his telegram, in trouble.

Lord Emsworth passed a hand over his chin, to assist thought, and was vaguely annoyed by some obstacle that intruded itself in the path of his fingers. Concentrating his faculties, such as they were, on this obstacle, he discovered it to be his beard. It irritated him. Hitherto, in moments of stress, he had always derived comfort from the feel of his clean-shaven chin.

He perceived his child approaching him across the smoking-room floor.

"Hullo, guv'nor!" said Freddie.

"Well, Frederick?" said Lord Emsworth.

There followed a silence. Lord Emsworth, on his side, was brooding on that phrase "in trouble," which had formed so significant a part of his son's telegram.

"Do sit down," he said testily.

"Right-ho," said Freddie, taking a chair. "It was dashed good of you, guv'nor, to come bounding up to town so promptly."

"I came because your telegram said that you were in trouble."

"British," said Freddie approvingly; "very British."

"Though what trouble you can be in, I cannot imagine. It is surely not money again?"

"Oh, no. Not money. It's Aggie. My wife, you know."

"Well?"

"She's left me."

"Left you!"

"Absolutely flat. Buzzed off, and the note pinned to the pincushion. She's now at the Savoy and won't let me come near her; and I'm at a service flat in King Street, eating my jolly old heart out, if you know what I mean."

Lord Emsworth uttered a deep sigh.

"The fault," he said tonelessly, "was, I suppose, yours?"

"Well, it was like this, guv'nor. You know how keen I've always been on the movies. Well, one night, as I was lying awake, I suddenly got the idea for a scenario of my own. And dashed good it was, too."

"What I am anxious to learn from you — in as few words as possible— is the reason for the breach between your wife and yourself."

"Well, I'm telling you. It all started with the scenario. When I'd written it, I naturally wanted to sell it to somebody, and just about then Pauline Petite came East and took a house at Great Neck, and a pal of mine introduced me to her."

"Who is Pauline Petite?"

"Good heavens, guv'nor!" Freddie stared, amazed. "You don't mean to sit there and tell me you've never heard of Pauline Petite, the movie star?"

"What about this woman?"

"Well, a pal of mine introduced me to her, you see, and I started to pave the way to getting her interested in this scenario of mine. Because, if she liked it, of course it meant everything. Well, this involved seeing a good deal of her, you understand, and one night Jane Yorke happened to come on us having a bite together at a roadhouse."

"Good God!"

"OH, it was all perfectly respectable, guv'nor. All strictly on the up-and-up. Purely a business relationship. But the trouble was I had kept the thing from Aggie, because I wanted to surprise her. And most unfortunately I had said that I had to go to Chicago that night on business. So, what with one thing and another! Well, as I said just now, she's at the Savoy and I'm——"

"Who is Jane Yorke?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

"I have come to a decision, Mrs. Twemlow."

The Always-to-be-Remembered Climax of Student Days

It is nearing Graduation Day—the day which takes rank among the most important in the life of your daughter or your son.

And father and mother can exceed even the fondest hopes of the children by the gift of a Chrysler.

No other gift can stir such a grateful tumult in the heart of the graduate. No other gift will be recalled with such happiness and satisfaction in those later years when time has surrounded even with greater enchantment and charm the memories of this most glorious of days.

For what school or college girl and boy has not been enraptured by Chrysler's combination of dashing appearance and superlative performance?

Fleet and agile—economical and compact—safe and easy to handle—of enduring worth and proved long life—little wonder that the verve and sparkle and stability of its incomparable results so thoroughly satisfy the vivacious demands of younger America.

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"70"

Chrysler Model Numbers Mean Miles Per Hour

CHRYSLER "70"—*Phaeton, $1395; Coach, $1395; Roadster, $1525; Sedan, $1545; Royal Coupe, $1695; Brougham, $1745; Royal Sedan, $1795; Crown Sedan, $1895. Disc wheels optional.*

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All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

All models equipped with full balloon tires.

Ask about Chrysler's attractive time-payment plan. More than 4300 Chrysler dealers assure superior Chrysler service everywhere.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, pioneered by and exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

A scowl marred Freddie's smooth features.

"A pill, guv'nor. One of the worst. A Jebusite and an Amalekite. If it hadn't been for her, I believe I could have fixed the thing. But she got hold of Aggie and whisked her away and poisoned her mind. This woman, guv'nor, has got a brother in the background, and she wanted Aggie to marry the brother. And my belief is that she is now trying to induce Aggie to pop over to Paris and get a divorce, so as to give the blighted brother another look-in, dash him! So now, guv'nor, is the time for action. Now is the moment to rally round as never before. I rely on you."

"Me? What on earth do you expect me to do?"

"Why, go to her and plead with her. They do it in the movies. I've seen thousands of pictures where the white-haired old father——"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Lord Emsworth, stung to the quick; for, like so many well preserved men of ripe years, he was under the impression that he was merely slightly brindled. "You have made your bed and you must stew in it."

"Eh?"

"I mean, you must stew in your own juice. I refuse to allow myself to be drawn into the matter."

"You won't even give her a ring on the telephone?"

"I will not."

"Oh, come, guv'nor. Be a sport. Her suite's Number Sixty-seven. You can get her in a second and state my case, all for the cost of twopence. Have a pop at it."

"No."

FREDDIE rose with set face. He looked like a sheep that has had bad news.

"Very well," he said tensely. "Then I may as well tell you, guv'nor, that my life is as good as over. The future holds nothing for me. I am a spent egg. If Aggie goes to Paris and gets that divorce, I shall retire to some quiet spot and there pass the few remaining years of my existence, a blighted wreck. Good-by, guv'nor."

"Good-by."

"Honk-honk!" said Freddie moodily.

As a general rule, Lord Emsworth was an early and a sound sleeper, one of the few qualities which he shared with Napoleon Bonaparte being the ability to slumber the moment his head touched the pillow. But that night, weighted down with his troubles, he sought unconsciousness in vain. And somewhere in the small hours of the morning, he sat up in bed, quaking. A sudden grisly thought had occurred to him.

Freddie had stated that, in the event of his wife's obtaining a divorce, he proposed to retire for the rest of his life to some quiet spot. Suppose by quiet spot he meant Blandings Castle! The possibility shook Lord Emsworth like an ague.

Freddie had visited Blandings for extended periods before, and it was his lordship's considered opinion that the boy was a worse menace to the happy life of rural England than bots, green fly, or foot-and-mouth disease. The prospect of having him at Blandings indefinitely affected Lord Emsworth like a blow on the base of the skull.

Waking after a belated sleep and sipping his early tea, Lord Emsworth found himself full of a new resolve. He had changed his mind. It was his intention now to go to this daughter-in-law of his and plead with her as no father-in-law had ever pleaded yet.

A man who has had a disturbed night is not at his best on the following morning. Until after luncheon Lord Emsworth felt much too heavy-headed to do himself justice as a pleader. But a visit to the flowers at Kensington Gardens, followed by a capital chop and half a bottle of claret at the Regent Grill, put him into excellent shape. The heaviness had vanished, and he felt alert and quick-witted.

So much so that, on arriving at the Savoy Hotel, he behaved with a cunning of which he had never hitherto suspected himself capable. On the very verge of giving his name to the desk clerk, he paused. It might well be, he reflected, that this daughter-in-law of his, including the entire Emsworth family in her feud, would, did she hear that he was waiting below, nip the whole program in the bud by refusing to see him. Better, he de-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

THERE was a pause, broken by a sort of gasping moan from Lord Emsworth. "Good God, guv'nor!" said the Figure.

SPARTON RADIO

"The pathfinder of the air"

Sparton Radio is built by the manufacturers of the world-famous Sparton horns for motor cars. Its production is a logical development of the Company's quarter-century of precision manufacture of electrical equipment.

THIS radio receiver has been developed for the most exacting conditions. It has a five tube tuned radio-frequency circuit. Cabinet and Console models are in two-tone walnut for decorating the most perfectly appointed room. The Sparton offers you tone, volume and selectivity. From coils to cabinet it is Sparton-built with that one outstanding attribute, Precision Manufacture.

Prices, $63 upward, Western and Canadian Prices, slightly more. Shown above, Model 5-26, Price, $83.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY (Established 1900) JACKSON, MICHIGAN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

cided, not to risk it. Moving away from the desk, he headed for the lift, and presently found himself outside the door of Suite Sixty-seven.

He tapped on the door. There was no answer. He tapped again and, once more receiving no reply, felt a little nonplused. He was not a very far-seeing man, and the possibility that his daughter-in-law might not be at home had not occurred to him.

He was about to go away when, peering at the door, he perceived that it was ajar. He pushed it open and, ambling in, found himself in a cozy sitting-room, crowded, as feminine sitting-rooms are apt to be, with flowers of every description.

Flowers were always a magnet to Lord Emsworth, and for some happy minutes he pottered from vase to vase, sniffing.

IT was after he had sniffed for perhaps the twentieth time that the impression came to him that the room contained a curious echo. It was almost as though, each time he sniffed, some other person sniffed too. And yet the place was apparently empty. To submit the acoustics to a final test, his lordship sniffed once more. But this time the sound that followed was of a more sinister character. It sounded to Lord Emsworth exactly like a snarl.

It was a snarl. Chancing to glance floorward, he became immediately aware, in close juxtaposition to his ankles, of what appeared at first sight to be a lady's muff. But, this being one of his bright afternoons, he realized in the next instant that it was no muff but a toy dog of the kind that women are only too prone to leave lying about their sitting-rooms.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Lord Emsworth. He backed uneasily. The dog followed him. It appeared to have no legs but to move by faith alone.

"Go away, sir!" said Lord Emsworth.

He hated small dogs. They nipped you. He was now in a bedroom; and, judging by the look of things, likely to remain there for some time. The woolly dog had cast off all pretense of armed neutrality and was yapping with a hideous intensity and shrillness. And ever and anon it scratched with baffled fury at the lower panels.

"Go away, sir!" thundered his lordship.

"Who's there?"

Lord Emsworth leaped like a jumping bean.

"Who is there?"

The mystery, which had begun to assume an aspect of the supernatural, was solved. On the other side of the room was a door, and it was from behind this that the voice had spoken. It occurred to Lord Emsworth that it was merely part of the general malignity of Fate that he should have selected for a formal father-in-lawful call the moment when his daughter-in-law was taking a bath.

He approached the door, and spoke soothingly.

"There is no cause for alarm——"

He broke off abruptly. There was very vital cause for alarm. The door of the bedroom had opened, and the muff-like dog, shrilling hate, was scuttling in its peculiar legless manner straight for his ankles.

Peril brings out unsuspected qualities in every man. From where he had been standing the bed was a considerable distance away, but he reached it with inches to spare, and stood there, quivering. Below him, the woolly dog raged like the ocean at the base of a cliff.

It was at this point that his lordship became aware of a young woman standing in the doorway through which he had just passed.

About this young woman there were many points which would have found little favor in the eyes of a critic of feminine charm. She was too short, too square, and too solid. She had a much too determined chin. And her hair was of an unpleasing gingery hue. But the thing Lord Emsworth liked least about her was the pistol she was pointing at his head.

It is not easy for a man who is standing on a bed with his hands up to achieve dignity, but Lord Emsworth did the best he could.

"My dear madam!"

"What are you doing here?"

"I found the door ajar——"

"——And walked in to see if there were any jewel-cases ajar, too. I think," added the young woman, raising her voice so as to make herself audible to the unseen bather, "it's Dopey Smith."

"Who?"

"Dopey Smith. The fellow the cops said tried for your jewels in New York. He must have followed you over here."

"I am not Dopey Smith, madam!" cried his lordship. "I am the Earl of Emsworth."

"You are?"

"Yes, I am."

"Yes you are!"

"I came here to see my daughter-in-law."

"Well, here she is."

THE bathroom door opened, and there emerged a charming figure draped in a kimono. Even in that tense moment Lord Emsworth was conscious of a bewildered astonishment that such a girl could ever have stooped to mate with his son Frederick.

"Who did you say he was?" she asked, recommending herself still more strongly to his lordship's esteem by scooping up the woolly dog.

"He says he's the Earl of Emsworth."

"I am the Earl of Emsworth."

The girl in the kimono looked keenly at him as he descended from the bed.

"You know, Jane," she said, a note of uncertainty in her voice, "it might be—he looks very like Freddie."

The appalling slur on his personal appearance held Lord Emsworth dumb. Like other men he had had black moments when his looks had not altogether satisfied him, but he had never supposed that he had a face like Freddie's.

The girl with the pistol uttered a stupefying whoop.

"Jiminy Christmas!" she cried. "Don't you see?"

"See what?"

"Why, it *is* Freddie. Disguised. Trying to get at you this way. It's just the sort of movie stunt he would think clever. Take them off, Ralph Vandeleur—I know you!"

She reached out a clutching hand, seized his lordship's beard in a viselike grip, and tugged with all the force of a modern girl, trained from infancy at hockey, tennis, and Swedish exercises.

A charming figure draped in a kimono emerged from the bathroom.

It had not occurred to Lord Emsworth a moment before that anything could possibly tend to make his situation more uncomfortable than it already was. He saw now that he had been mistaken in this view. Agony beyond his liveliest dreams flamed through his shrinking frame.

The girl regarded him with a somewhat baffled look.

"Then he's a crook, after all. Kindly step into that closet, George, while I phone for the constabulary."

Lord Emsworth danced a few steps.

"I will not step into closets. I insist on being heard. I don't know who this woman is——"

"My name's Jane Yorke, if you're curious."

"Ah! The woman who poisons my son's

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

IT CAN BE DONE

Dropping into a "chuck hole" isn't so bad—the springs take care of that. It's the recoil that puts inches between you and the seat. That's uncomfortable—even dangerous—and puts terrific strain on the car.

Today that's unnecessary. Take out comfort and safety insurance; guard against car depreciation. That's really what the application of Burd-Gilmans means. By checking the violent recoil, they relieve practically all strain on vital parts. They prevent crystallization—lessen wear and tear—save expensive repairs—while adding comfort and safety. Simply constructed, easily applied, liberally guaranteed, they are mechanically right.

Burd-Gilmans cost less than ordinary insurance—there is only one premium to pay. They earn it many times over. Burd High Compression Ring Company, Rockford, Illinois.

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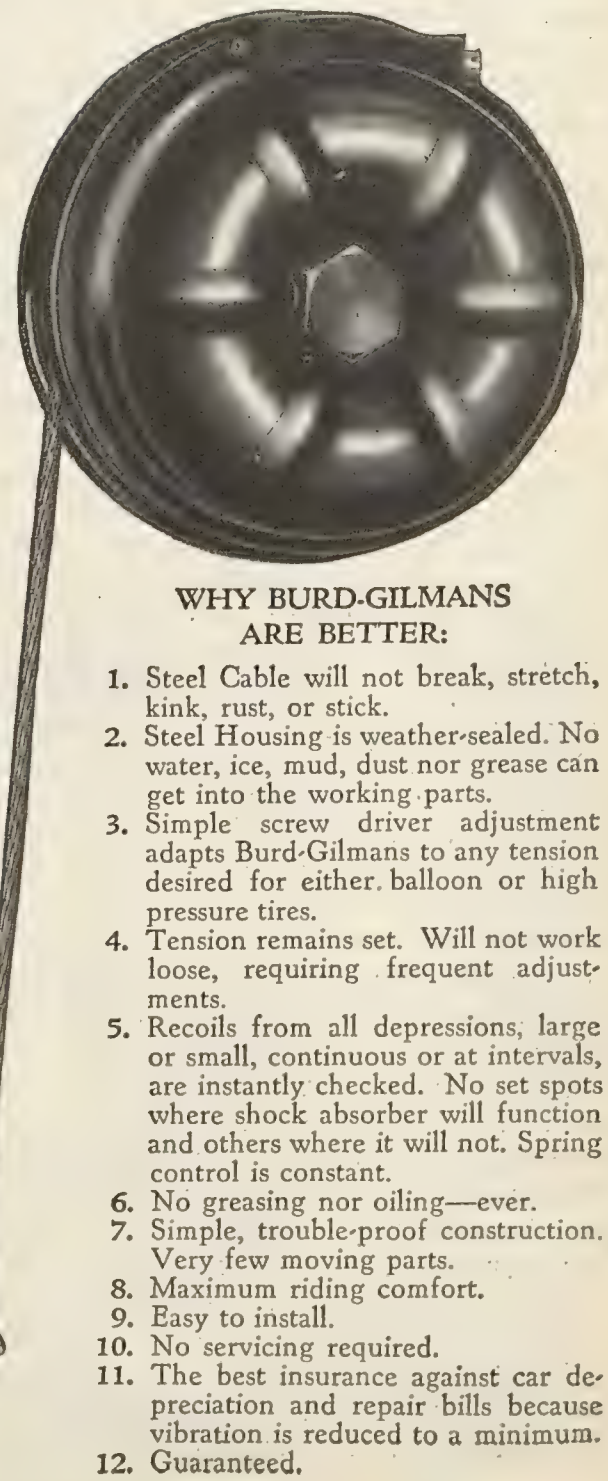
THE ORIGINAL SNUBBING DEVICE
WITH THE STEEL CABLE



WHY BURD-GILMANS ARE BETTER:

1. Steel Cable will not break, stretch, kink, rust, or stick.
2. Steel Housing is weather-sealed. No water, ice, mud, dust nor grease can get into the working parts.
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8. Maximum riding comfort.
9. Easy to install.
10. No servicing required.
11. The best insurance against car depreciation and repair bills because vibration is reduced to a minimum.
12. Guaranteed.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

wife's mind against him! I know all about you." He turned to the girl in the kimono. "Yesterday my son Frederick implored me by telegram to come to London. I saw him at my club— Stop that dog barking!"

"Why shouldn't he bark?" said Miss Yorke. "He's in his own home."

"He told me," proceeded Lord Emsworth, "that there had been a little misunderstanding between you——"

The Hon. Mrs. Threepwood looked at her friend, wavering.

"I believe it's true," she said; "and he really is Lord Emsworth. He seems to know all that happened. How could he know if Freddie hadn't told him?"

THE telephone bell rang sharply.

"I assure you—" began Lord Emsworth.

"Right!" said the unpleasant Miss Yorke, at the receiver. "Send him right up." She regarded his lordship with a brightly triumphant eye. "You're out of luck, my friend," she said. "Lord Emsworth has just arrived, and he's on his way up now!"

There are certain situations in which the human brain may be excused for reeling. Lord Emsworth's did not so much reel as perform a kind of shimmy, as if it were in danger of coming unstuck. He tottered into the sitting-room and sank into a chair.

It seemed to him that he was living in a nightmare.

And certainly in the Figure that entered a few minutes later there was nothing whatever to correct this impression. It might have stepped straight into anybody's nightmare and felt perfectly at home right from the start.

The Figure was that of a tall, thin man with white hair and a long and flowing beard of the same venerable hue. Strange as it seemed that a person of such appearance should not have been shot on sight early in his career, he had obviously reached an extremely advanced age. He was either a man of about a hundred and fifty who was rather young for his years or a man of about a hundred and ten who had been aged by trouble.

"My dear child!" piped the Figure in a weak, quavering voice.

"Freddie!" cried the girl in the kimono.

"Oh, dash it!" said the Figure.

There was a pause, broken by a sort of gasping moan from Lord Emsworth. More and more every minute his lordship was feeling the strain.

"Good God, guv'nor!" said the Figure, sighting him. His wife pointed at Lord Emsworth.

"Freddie, is that your father?"

"Oh, yes. Rather! Of course. Absolutely. But he said he wasn't coming."

HE became aware of what appeared at first sight to be a lady's muff.

"I changed my mind," said Lord Emsworth in a low, stricken voice.

"I told you so, Jane," said the girl. "I thought he was Lord Emsworth all the time. Surely you can see the likeness now."

A kind of wail escaped his lordship.

"Do I look like that?" he said brokenly.

HE gazed at his son once more and shut his eyes.

"Well," said Miss Yorke, in her detestable managing way, turning her forceful personality on the newcomer, "now that you are here, Freddie Threepwood, looking like Father Christmas, what's the idea? Aggie told you never to come near her again."

Love had apparently made Frederick Threepwood a man of steel. Removing his beard and eyebrows, he directed a withering glance at Miss Yorke.

"I don't want to talk to you," he said. "You're a serpent in the bosom. I mean a snake in the grass."

Freddie turned to his wife with a sweeping gesture.

"I—" He paused. "I say, Aggie, old thing, you look perfectly topping in that kimono."

"Stick to the point," said Miss Yorke.

"That is the point," said Mrs. Freddie, not without a certain softness. "But if you think I look perfectly topping, why do you go running around with movie actresses with carroty hair?"

"Red-gold," suggested Freddie deferentially.

"Carroty!"

"Carroty it is. You're absolutely right. I never liked it all along."

"Then why were you dining with it?"

"Yes, why?" inquired Miss Yorke.

"Be quiet, Jane. Well, Freddie?"

"Aggie," said the Hon. Freddie, "it was this way."

"NEVER believe a man who starts a story like that," said Miss Yorke.

"Do please be quiet, Jane. Yes, Freddie?"

"I was trying to sell that carroty female a scenario, and I was keeping it from you because I wanted it to be a surprise."

"Freddie darling! Was that really it?"

"You don't mean to say—?" began Miss Yorke incredulously.

"Absolutely it. And, in order to keep in with the woman—whom I may as well tell you I disliked rather heartily from the start—I had to lush her up a trifle from time to time."

"Of course."

"You have to with those people."

"Naturally."

"Makes all the difference if you push a bit of food into them preparatory to talking business."

"All the difference in the world."

Miss Yorke, who seemed temporarily to have lost her breath, recovered it.

"You don't mean to tell me," she cried, turning in a kind of wild despair to the injured wife, "that you really believe this applesauce?"

"Of course she does," said Freddie. "Don't you, precious?"

"Of course I do, sweetie-pie."

"And, what's more," said Freddie, "I can prove it. Here's a cable that came this morning from the Super-Ultra-Art Film Company, offering me a thousand merry dollars for the scenario. So

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

This LATHER *really saturates* the beard

TAKE your shaving brush, squeeze a bit of Williams Shaving Cream on it and work up the quick, rich lather on your face. Why does the razor shave without its usual "pull"?

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Williams Shaving Cream sells for 50c in the economical double-size tube. It contains twice as much as the regular 35c size.

[AQUA VELVA *is our newest triumph, a scientific after-shaving preparation. We will send a generous test bottle free. Write Dept. 116-A.*]

The tube with the unlosable hinge-cap.

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 116-A, Glastonbury, Conn. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal.)

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. (Trial Size has no hinge-cap.)

Lib 6-5-26

44 years of building nothing but National Cash Registers

The first National Cash Register was built in a one-room workshop. Today that shop has grown to a factory of 23 buildings.

FOR 44 years The National Cash Register Company has been operated upon these five principles:

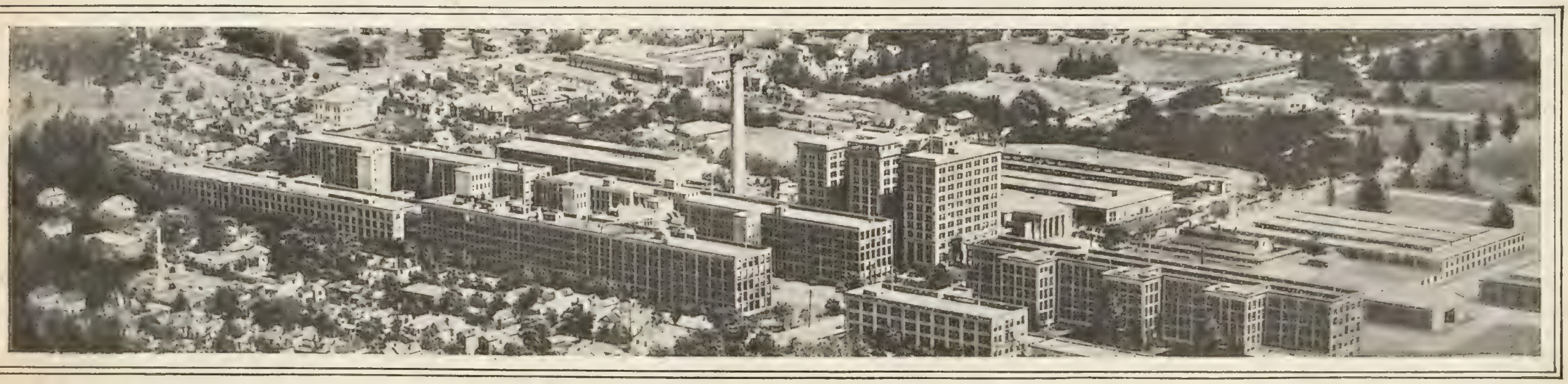
1. **To build nothing but cash registers.**
2. **To build a product that will give the greatest service at the lowest cost.**
3. **To constantly keep our product ahead of the needs of merchants.**
4. **To provide the right cash register for every kind of business. More than 500 models are now required.**
5. **To be of service to all merchants.**

This policy has been responsible for putting twenty-three buildings where there was formerly a one-room workshop. It has put high-grade cash registers within reach of every merchant.

More than **500** *models of National Cash Registers. Priced from* **$75, $100, $125** *and up. Easy terms. Liberal allowances.*

*These prices apply in the U. S. only

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY
Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.
Offices in all the principal cities of the world



National Cash Registers

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

another time, you, will you kindly refrain from judging your—er—fellows by the beastly light of your own—ah—foul imagination?"

"Yes," said his wife. "I must say, Jane, that you have made as much mischief as anyone ever did. I wish in future you would stop interfering in other people's concerns."

"Spoken," said Freddie, "with vim and not a little terse good sense. And I may add——"

"If you ask me," said Miss Yorke, "I think it's a fake."

"What's a fake?"

"That cable."

"What do you mean, a fake?" cried Freddie indignantly. "Read it for yourself."

"It's quite easy to get cables cabled you by cabling a friend in New York to cable them."

"I don't get that," said Freddie, puzzled.

"I DO," said his wife. And there shone in her eyes the light that shines only in the eyes of wives who, having swallowed their husband's story, resent destructive criticism from outsiders. "And I never want to see you again, Jane Yorke."

"Same here," agreed Freddie. "In Turkey they'd have shoved a girl like that in a sack and dropped her in the Bosphorus."

"I might as well go," said Miss Yorke.

"And don't come back," said Freddie. "The door is behind you."

The species of trance which had held Lord Emsworth in its grip during the preceding conversational exchanges was wearing off.

And now, perceiving dimly that Miss Yorke was apparently as unpopular with the rest of the company as with himself, he came gradually to life again.

His recovery was hastened by the slamming of the door and the spectacle of his son Frederick clasping in his arms a wife who, his lordship had never forgotten, was the daughter of probably the only millionaire in existence who had that delightful willingness to take Freddie off his hands; which was, in Lord Emsworth's eyes, the noblest quality a millionaire could possess.

He sat up and blinked feebly. Though much better, he was still weak.

"What was your scenario about, sweetness?" asked Mrs. Freddie.

"I'll tell you, angel-face. Or should we stir up the guv'nor? He seems a bit under the weather."

Lord Emsworth had risen. He was tottering a little as he approached them.

"Oh, Lord Emsworth," said Mrs. Freddie, "I'm so dreadfully sorry. I wouldn't have had anything like this happen for the world."

LORD Emsworth patted her hand paternally. Once more he was overcome with astonishment that his son Frederick should have been able to win the heart of a girl so beautiful, so sympathetic, so extraordinarily rich.

"The fault was entirely mine, my dear child. But—" He paused. Something was plainly troubling him. "Tell me, when Frederick was wearing that beard—when Frederick was—was—when he was wearing that beard, did he really look like me?"

"Oh, yes. Very like."

"Thank you, my dear. That was all I wanted to know. I will leave you now. You will want to be alone. You must come down to Blandings, my dear child, at the very earliest opportunity."

He walked thoughtfully from the room.

"Does this hotel," he inquired of the man who took him down in the lift, "contain a barber's shop?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wonder if you would direct me to it," said his lordship.

THE END

DON'T MISS

LIBERTY'S Great New Serial by

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

It's called

The Corbin Necklace

Love — mystery — laughs — thrills—and the most beguiling girl you've met in recent fiction are in this delightful novel.

It begins
In Next Week's LIBERTY

They are Happy *and* Healthy

— aglow with sun-beamy smiles — always ready for a rousing big romp and there is a very good reason why they should be.

Mother, knowing what is best for growing youngsters, provides pure, wholesome bakings through constant use of

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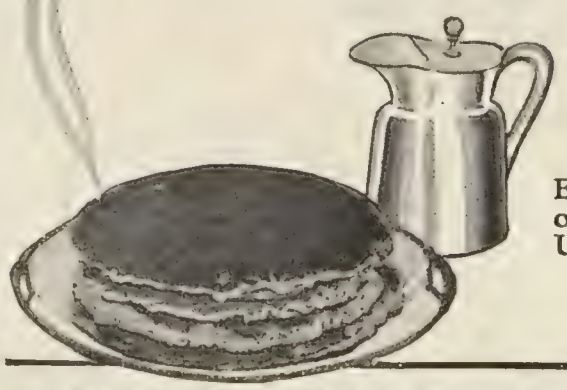
Millions of mothers depend upon Calumet to supply goodies that little tots like best—healthful foods that they can eat all they want of. And Calumet—always reliable—always pure—never disappoints them.

The same quality for over 37 years. Built up to quality, not down to price.



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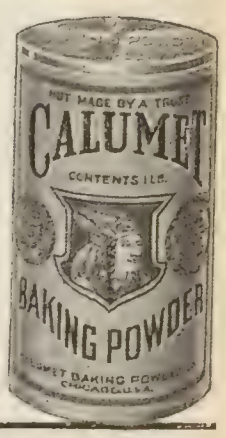

SALES 2½ TIMES THOSE OF ANY OTHER BRAND

284 *The Book of Hosiery*

A MAN'S lucky number, with no gamble in it, is this remarkable number 284, one of the most all around satisfying "he-man's socks" that even Phoenix has ever built.

It has style to marvel at, and a color choice that is one of the season's talked about things. It is long-mileage hosiery of extra tenacity, made of stoutest strands of pure Japanese silk, with an extra mileage foot, including the clever *tipt-toe* and *tipt-heel*, supplying important reinforcements where they are most needed.

Ask your Phoenix retailer for the winning number 284, which sells everywhere for 75 cents a pair, and eliminate all hosiery gamble.

PHOENIX

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PHOENIX
SILK SOCKS
MILWAUKEE

So You're Going ABROAD!

Complete Instructions on What to Do and How to Do It

Pictures by GORDON GRANT

An Article by
CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

OF the hundred and sixteen millions of people in the United States, probably half a million or so are planning a trip abroad; and the others are telling them how it should be done.

The whole business is exceedingly simple if one will stop listening to the conflicting directions of friends and follow the few directions of the powers that be. The first of these powers is called the Atlantic Passenger Conference, and it is composed of virtually all the lines operating ships across the Atlantic.

Conference committees bring before the general meetings their recommendations as to those rules under which, in their opinion, this highly competitive business should be carried on for the good of all. Passenger rates are a matter of Conference agreement. There was a time when bargain-hunting in steamship tickets was one of the leading indoor sports.

The cost of operating steamships mounted; immigration restriction cut to the bone the most profitable part of the passenger business. Conditions became so bad that something drastic had to be done. And in December, 1924, a Conference regulation decreed that bargain hunting in steamship tickets must stop. The handful of men who made this decision were all threatened by the same peril. The matter of enforcement lay entirely in their own hands. They are enforcing their own decree.

The first fixed thing in the mind of one contemplating Europe is the time one can go and the time one must get back. Let us say that you could sail on June 19 and that the latest date for your return would be September 3. If you know the line you want, you go to the nearest office, or write to it, and ask what ships they have sailing on June 19.

To what port? Many of the big companies have ships sailing on the same date for different ports—one, perhaps, for Glasgow; one for Queenstown and Liverpool; one for Cherbourg and Southampton; maybe one for Antwerp or Bremen, stopping at Southampton. In this case, you could (if your first destination were an English one) use any of them, strikes permitting.

One would be a six-day boat with first-class accommodations for from about $275 a berth up; second class for from about $155 up; and student third class for from about $90 up. Another would be an eight-day boat to Liverpool, with minimum rates about $220, $145, and $82.50. And a third would be what is called a cabin-class or mono-class boat, all cabin passengers of one class that is neither first nor second. Rates on these ships range from about $155 up; the boats cross in eight or nine days, and they are very popular.

Perhaps the cabin-class boat of your preferred line that sails on June 19 goes to Southampton, and you want to land at Liverpool. If you are wise, you will find out what you can do about your return sailing before you decide on your outbound. Return sailings in August and September are harder to get than any eastbound sailings, even on June 19 or 26.

If you are not committed, in your mind, to any special line, you go, or write, to an agent for *all* lines. And in doing this you need never fear that you will pay more or get less for your money than if you bought over the counters of the steamship companies. A great percentage of all the steamship business is done by agents operating under a commission from all the companies; no agent can charge a penny more than the regular tariff for any accommodation.

IF you are not committed to any special line, you'll go, or write, to an agent for all lines.

In any case, the agent will lay before you *all* the June 19 sailings and thereabout, and *all* the return sailings reaching America around September 1 or 2. The general rule with steamship companies is that all first, second, and cabin-class space is held in the main office.

What happens when you have decided which of the June 19 and late August sailings seem most desirable to you is that the agent calls up the local office of each of the companies whose ships you're interested in, and asks them to write or wire their main office, getting you an offer at the price you want to pay, on the date and ship you've chosen. If there are no local offices of those companies, the agent himself writes or wires their main office.

Pick a good agent, and stick to him. What he can't get you, nobody can get you. You pay a deposit of twenty-five per cent on first class, twenty-five per cent on second class,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

Gabriel Snubbers

4½ Coils-The only Snubbers in name and principle

Just one bump in the road can spoil an entire trip, in damage to your car, or injury to yourself or your passengers ~~~ Gabriels ride you and your car *comfortably* over the bumps. They *pay* for themselves in a single tour. Ask for *improved* Gabriels with 4½ coils, *the only* Snubbers

41 manufacturers equip their cars with Gabriel Snubbers. 30 drill their car frames *for* Gabriels. Any *of* the 3100 Gabriel Sales *and* Service Stations which sells you a set *of* Gabriels will refund the price if you are *not satisfied* after 30 days' trial

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Cleveland, Ohio—Toronto, Canada

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1400 E. 40th Street
Cleveland, Ohio

Send me the information checked
- ☐ Analysis of the Balloon Tire Problem.
- ☐ How to save upkeep expense on your car.
- ☐ What your Ford needs.

My car is_____
Name and year

Write name and address in margin, tear out and mail corner of page.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]
thirty dollars on cabin class, and twenty-five dollars on student third class, to hold what you have chosen. Three weeks before sailing date, you pay the balance due, and get your ticket and your baggage tags. If, at any time up to three weeks before sailing date, you find that you can't go, your deposit is returned.

EVEN after the final payment has been made and sailing date is almost at hand, most companies return passage money if the sailing has to be canceled for adequate reason. This courtesy, however, is not for those who are, for some whim or other, holding out space on several sailings.

You sometimes hear of an acquaintance who buys his transportation after you bought yours, getting a room you asked for and were told was unavailable. You mustn't conclude that the other fellow had a drag or that you were discriminated against. What happened was that when you asked for the room somebody had it "out on approval" or on deposit, and after you had taken the best you could get, the room you wanted was relinquished.

Now your ships (going and coming) are chosen, your deposits paid, and you can select the places you most desire to see. Travel planning is a kind of architecture and requires a long training added to a special aptitude.

Next comes your Uncle Sam, his diplomatic relations, and the matter of passports; also those mysterious-sounding things called visas. Everybody has to have a passport. It costs ten dollars, is good for twelve months, and may be renewed without cost for twelve months more.

You either write to the Bureau of Passports, State Department, Washington, D. C., or apply to the clerk of any United States District Court or State Court at your county seat, asking for a passport application blank. If you live in one of the big cities, such as New York or Chicago, you have a Passport Agency, to which you should apply in person. The information telephone clerk of the post-office will tell you where the Passport Agency is located.

When you have filled out the blank furnished, you go with it either to the Passport Agency in your city, or to the nearest clerk of the United States District Court or State Court, and take with you, besides ten dollars in currency, two photographs of yourself, which should be three by three inches, on a light background, and show you without a hat; also a birth or baptismal certificate, or an affidavit sworn to before a notary public by either of your parents, a brother, sister, or other relative qualified to swear as to your birth.

If no such relative is accessible, another person's affidavit will be accepted if that person can give the required evidence. An American woman whose marriage occurred after September 21, 1922, must submit evidence of her own American citizenship; one married before that date must submit evidence of her husband's birth, not her own.

IF you already have had a passport, issued since January 2, 1918, you must present it for cancellation when asking for a new one, or submit a sworn statement as to how you lost it. This expired passport is considered sufficient evidence of your citizenship.

Naturalized American citizens present their certificate of naturalization or a certified copy of the court record of it.

Resident aliens applying for a passport should first communicate with the nearest consul of the country of which they are citizens, and to the Commissioner General of Immigration at Washington, D. C., for a permit to re-enter the United States, stating the intended length of absence and the reasons therefor. This application must be made under oath, and accompanied by two copies of the applicant's photograph (same sort as for passport) and three dollars.

When you have decided which

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

Rugs need not be carried; they may be hired of the deck steward.

PRIDE in Perfect Work

and perfect work requires the best of machines — Remington Typewriters

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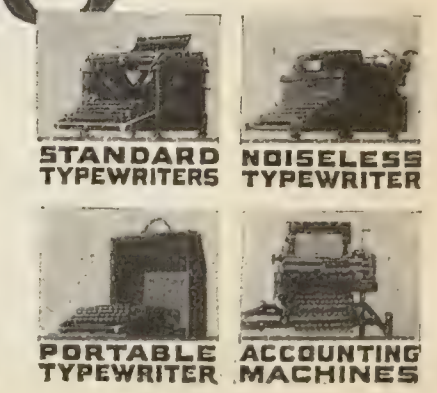
A machine for every purpose



Remington-made Paragon Ribbons & Red Seal Carbon Papers always make good impressions

"What do you think?"

THEY had been acquainted only a few days. And he had taken a great fancy to her.

But politely, decisively she refused to accept any of his invitations.

He couldn't understand it—he was an attractive fellow, the kind of man women usually like.

"But why won't you go out with me?" he wanted to know.

After an awkward silence she said: "Well, what do *you* think is the reason?"

* * *

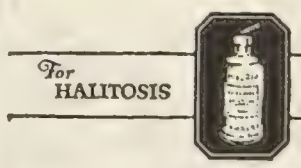
You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE



A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]
countries you would like to visit, your next business is to find out whether they want you. They almost certainly do, unless you are on their "black list"; but, by way of guaranteeing your entry, they stamp your passport officially; this is called a visa.

It means that the nearest (to you) consular representative of each of those countries has looked over your passport and satisfied himself that Uncle Sam sponsors you and that his own government has no ban upon you. Sometimes he stamps your visa without charge—as in the case of Germany, Denmark, and Sweden; sometimes he charges ten dollars—as in the case of Great Britain, France, Austria, Italy, and Czechoslovakia. Switzerland requires no visa. Holland requires none for a stay not to exceed eight days; Belgium none for a stay of less than three months.

PERSONS who are not American citizens must secure from their District Collector of Internal Revenue an income tax clearance certificate, or a sailing permit from the collector at the port of embarkation. American citizens require neither.

Now as to baggage, clothes, and funds. The oft-reiterated cry is, take no trunk! This may be good advice, and it may be quite the opposite. If you can get along with a suitcase ten by fifteen by twenty-four inches (which exactly fits the space allowed each person in the overcrowded racks of foreign railway carriages) and a handbag or dressing case, you will save some money and some little trouble by having no trunk to register or check. But if you have more than this amount of hand luggage you are likely to wish you had taken a trunk.

I shouldn't consider taking a trunk with me on a land journey of many stops; but I always take a fiber steamer trunk over with me; and if I am making a continuous journey I ship it, say, from Venice to Paris, if I'm going that way, through the American Express or Cook's. Trunks must either be opened at the frontiers or shipped through in bond. The latter is safe and simple.

Trunks must be opened at the frontiers or shipped through in bond.

If you have bought in Italy, say, articles that are dutiable in France or England as well as in the United States, it is better to ship them home direct; or you can send them in bond to your home-bound steamer.

Advice as to clothes is hard to make general—except that it is always safe to say you will be surprised to find how few you need. Whatever you would wear for all-day, practical purposes at home in a corresponding season is what you'll need in Europe.

SOME women dress elaborately for dinner aboard the de luxe liners, but many women hold it to be bad taste. Nearly all the men in first class on these boats wear dinner jackets in the evening, and a majority of the women don a demi-toilette. But one who made no change of clothes for dinner would by no means be conspicuous.

Men who travel with a trunk usually carry white trousers and shoes or golf clothes for shipboard; but since these may not once be required on land they would be an unwarrantable part of a suitcase outfit. No man need feel the lack of such clothing for his days at sea—his business suits and a dinner suit will get him through. The same applies to sports apparel for women.

A warm coat is necessary for the ocean, even in midsummer.

I specially urge women with much traveling to do not to carry hatboxes. Dressy hats are never needed; and the hat on your head may always be replaced with a new one at comparatively small cost if it gets faded or travel-worn. For steamer wear your hat must be small and close fitting.

Rugs need not be carried; they may be hired of the deck steward for a dollar and a half for the voyage—the same price one pays for the hire of a steamer chair.

Funds are usually carried in travelers' checks issued by banks, steamship companies, or the big travel agencies. Travelers who expect to spend a good deal of money abroad usually take a letter of credit from their bank and a supply of travelers' checks. Small sums of the currency of the country in which you are to land may be had on board ship.

In the matter of tips it is safe

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IN CHICAGO, as in Paris, New York or London, you will find this complexion beautifying treatment in the smartest beauty shops.

BESIDE the sparkling waters of Lake Michigan stands the beautiful Edgewater Beach Hotel. In harmony with its other perfect appointments is its beauty shop—the famous ROHDE'S.

ROHDE ranks with Andrelys of Paris, Ganji of New York, Emile of London, Jorgenson of Copenhagen and Louwerenburg of Rotterdam as a Master of Beauty Culture.

All of these pre-eminent authorities use THE SAME beautifying method—Boncilla clasmic Beautifier, Boncilla Cold Cream, Boncilla Vanishing Cream and Boncilla Face Powder as a complete, scientific facial treatment.

YOU can enjoy this famous treatment at the deft hands of your favorite beauty specialist, or you can use it in the privacy of your home with equally pleasing results.

If your complexion is marred by blemishes, they can be quickly corrected. You will see improvement in your complexion the *first* time and *every* time you use Boncilla clasmic Beautifier, for each time you use it, its benefits are multiplied.

Boncilla clasmic Beautifier cleanses to the depths of the pores, *absorbing* the clogging secretions which spell ruin to complexion beauty if not removed. Its tonic balsams refine the skin texture and restore to tired tissues that irresistible something called YOUTH. Instantly after this blue-gray magic balm is removed, your face feels wonderfully refreshed and the skin fairly tingles with immaculate cleanness.

Boncilla Cold Cream *nourishes* the skin and imparts to it smooth, soft, velvety loveliness.

Boncilla Vanishing Cream, fragrant and soothing, *protects* the skin and forms a base for powder.

Boncilla Face Powder clings for hours and imparts a beautifying finish to the most elaborate toilette.

Boncilla does these 7 very definite things for your face: 1. Clears the complexion and brings out the *natural* color. 2. Cleanses and closes enlarged pores. 3. Removes pimples and blackheads. 4. Lifts out lines. 5. Rebuilds drooping facial tissues and muscles. 6. Makes the skin soft and smooth. 7. Leaves the skin immaculate.

Do this, Please, and *prove* these things are true. Get "The Little Beauty Shop" at your dealers or send us $1.00 and we will mail the set postpaid; enough Boncilla for three week's home trial.

"The Little Beauty Shop" contains a Dollar Tube Boncilla Clasmic Beautifier—with liberal trial sizes of Boncilla Cold and Vanishing Creams and Boncilla Face Powder and 48-page Beauty Book.

BONCILLA LABORATORIES, Inc.
20 W. 22nd St., New York City

Enclosed is $1.00. Send your "Little Beauty Shop," containing *full size* dollar tube Boncilla clasmic Beautifier—liberal trial size of the two Boncilla Creams, Boncilla Face Powder and a 48-page Beauty Book.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

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If you live in Canada, send coupon to Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, 590 King St., W., Toronto (2), Canada

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

The Farmer Can't Stand Much More Help Like He Has Been Getting

Congress say they are helping the Farmer. They are in Washington ON salary. He is home trying to pay it.

Farmers have had more advice and less relief than a wayward son. If advice sold for 10 cents a column, Farmers would be richer than Bootleggers.

And when they get all through advising, there is just one thing will help the Farmers. That is eliminate some of the middlemen and let the two ends meet. The Consumer and the Producer are two men in America that have never even seen each other.

Cut out the middle and tie the two ends together.

When a steer starts from the feed pen to the table, there is about 10 to take a bite out of him, before he reaches the family that pay for him.

Who wears the best clothes or drives the best car, the fellow who raises a bushel of wheat, or the working fellow who goes up to buy a sack of flour? Why neither one of them. The ones in between these two have their private Tailor and "Straight Eights."

The Government just told Agriculture, "You are in a hole." They didn't offer to pull them out, but they did say, "We will get down in there with you."

I want to tell you right here, I don't know what would have happened to the poor farmer

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

if it had not been for his old friend, "Bull" Durham. It's the only thing he has been absolutely able to rely on. And I want him to know that myself and "Bull" Durham are with him right to the poorhouse door.

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here a few weeks from now. Look for it.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.

INCORPORATED

111 Fifth Avenue, New York City

[SO YOU'RE GOING ABROAD Continued from Page Thirty-five]

to say that the first-class passenger virtually never gives his table steward (or waiter) less than five dollars for each person, and the same amount to the room steward. Women who require much attention from the stewardess should give her not less than five dollars.

The lounge or library steward gets a dollar or two. Men usually give the smoking-room steward not less than two dollars and oftener five dollars. If there is a bath steward, he gets about two dollars. The elevator operators on the big ships usually get half a dollar each.

THERE is always a collection taken up for the ship's orchestra, to which passengers give what they choose—averaging perhaps a dollar or two each. At the ship concert, two nights before landing, an opportunity is offered to contribute to the fund for seamen's widows and orphans.

If you are a first-class passenger it is difficult to make less than thirty dollars do for tips—this is per person and per voyage. A cabin-class or second-class passenger may get by on twenty dollars. Tipping is done at the end of the voyage.

An experienced traveler usually does nothing about table seats and deck chairs until he gets on board. Sometimes the second steward of the ship assigns table seats before sailing; sometimes it is not done until after the first meal on board is over. A notice is posted to tell when it will be done.

I always board my ship at least two hours before sailing time; and when I have satisfied myself that my baggage is aboard, I ask at the inquiry office for letters and telegrams. (Parcels are usually delivered to one's cabin.) Then I find the deck steward and pay him for my chair and rug and show him where I'd like them placed. After going aboard, I tell my room stewardess what time each morning I'd like my bath.

Be careful of your diet for several days before sailing, and of your liver and bowels. Drink the irreducible minimum of any liquid for twenty-four hours after sailing and for a few hours before sailing; eat foods that "stay put," such as baked potato, a bit of broiled chicken, and the like.

Now a word or two as to landing. If you have a trunk, check it through to your first principal destination and think no more about it until you're in your hotel. Then give your keys to the head porter at the hotel, and he'll send a reliable man to clear it through the customs and bring it to you.

Your hand baggage will be carried off your ship by stewards, picked up on deck or tender by porters, carried to the dock customhouse, and examined there.

THE END

Its the GETAWAY *THAT COUNTS*

A sweet sounding CLICK and like a rifle bullet it's off into the blue. So quick has been its *getaway*—in a split second it's but a tiny white speck on the horizon. That's the Wilson Crest—the golf ball with the lightning *getaway*. Smack a Crest on the nose and instantly you discover the relation of speedy *getaway* to distance. No other golf ball is so eager from the tee—more powerful on the carry. Play this wonderful new ball today and join the thousands who are following the Crest every day.

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"WHIN we're lookin' f'r guidance f'r our feet, it's no more thin nachral to turn to a fellow with plinty iv the jack."

Mr. Dooley *on Our* Moral Leaders

"Whin Money Talks, Take Off Ye'er Hat an' Listen"

By
Finley Peter Dunne

Pictures by E. W. Kemble

"IT'S a gr-reat thing," said Mr. Dooley, "that th' morals iv th' counthry ar-re at last in capable hands. While th' clargy had charge iv thim I niver felt secure about me salvation. Aven if I knew th' tin commandmints, th' eight beatitchoods, an' th' siven deadly sins, I cudden't always be sure. Ye have to live up to a good manny specifications to be an angel.

"But now that th' ladin' business men iv th' counthry ar-re guidin' me feet I don't bother. I get me sailin' di-rections fr'm th' principal karosene merchant, th' largest manny-facthrer iv tin plate, an' th' chief disthributor iv gasoleen buggies, an' I know I'm headed to'rd Zion along with Jawn D. Junior, Elbert Haitch, an' Hinnery Foord. Whether they'll let us in or not whin we get there is another question, but we're on our way.

"Time was whin th' entherprisin' American business man paid no attintion to th' morals iv th' community an' very little to his own. Business covered a multichood iv sins an' it made scant diff'rence to him whether th' fellow he sold a bar iv soap to was a son iv Belial or no relation at all iv that han'some but profligate charackter.

"Th' predicissors iv our prisint race iv industhreel joynts little cared where a dollar come fr'm.

"Money, like runnin' wather, purifies itself in a short time, an' th' pluthycrats iv my day wud as lave have it fr'm a sinner as a saint. They sanded th' sugar, flied th' currants, wathered th' milk, an' leaned on th' scales. They thraded with th' haythen, sold joss sticks to th' Chinese, altars f'r Mumbo Jumbo to th' rellijous enthusyasts iv th' Congo, an' insthructions f'r stuffin' an' bastin' clargy to th' epicoors iv Pollynesia. Befure th' Civil War manny iv thim carrid a side line iv slaves, an' far fr'm lookin' on th' thraffic in rum with abborrence, they encouraged it, f'r th' raison that a thurly potted customer sildom asked f'r his change.

"Ye can bet that Jawn D. Junior wudden't have all th' money he's r-ready to give f'r disturbin' the graves iv the kings iv Agypt if his daddy had spint his arly years in rayformin' th' wurruld. That wise an' belovid ol' charackter didn't wrap up a box iv axle grease in a timp-rance thract or scorn th' vender iv booze. He knew that ivry publican kept a horse an' buggy an' th' followers iv Jawn B. Gough mos'ly walked.

"In other times I'd as soon think iv goin' to the parish priest f'r a pair iv suspinders as to a business man f'r moral guidance. But now, be gorry, if I wint to th' Steel Comp'ny to buy a kag iv tinpinny nails I'd be careful to put a handful iv cloves in me pocket. I wudden't want Judge Gary to come out iv th' back room an' tell me that th' rapids ar-re below an' I betther lay off th' suds befure it is too late.

"An' that's th' way it ought to be. We've been listenin' to preachers, profissors, an' docthors long enough. They're all broke. If Saint Francis iv Assissy was to come back to arth, d'ye s'pose anny sinsible man wud pay attintion to him, onless it was a theathrical manager that offered him two weeks' time in vaudeville? No, sir; th' red-blooded American wud take wan look at him an' say: 'Why should I follow this scarecrow's advice? He may be able to talk with th' burruds an' flowers, but what does that get him—him without

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Two incomes are better than one"

When ships come in

No matter from what source your own personal earnings are derived—whether from a business, a profession or a salary—an additional income from good bonds, built up by investing regularly a part of current earnings, will prove an effective anchor to windward—a protection against emergencies.

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BONDS · ACCEPTANCES SHORT TERM NOTES

[MR. DOOLEY ON OUR MORAL LEADERS Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

a hat to his head an' goin' around th' sthreets barefutted?'

"No, sir. Whin we're lookin' f'r guidance f'r our feet, it's no more thin nachral to turn to a fellow with plinty iv th' jack. If a millyonaire can't give ye good advice, who can? He's niver a voice cryin' in th' wildherness in this land iv ideels. He always has a gr-reat followin' iv arnest souls who hope that if they follow him long enough some day he may have a hole in his pocket.

"That han'some but profligate charackter."

"An' I'll say this f'r th' boys: they ain't in the laste bashful about givin' good advice to th' wurruld f'r nawthin'. It's nachral, too. I always feel surer iv me own gr-reat worth an' I can lay down th' law with more authority if me pants pockets jingles whin I put me hands in thim. So whin I pick up th' pa-aper it's no surprise to me to r-read:

"'Jawn D. Junior pleads with th' young men iv America to lay off th' cigareet whose feet take hold on hell.'

"'Hinnery Foord in his reglar Sunday sermon preaches on salvation f'r th' human race f. o. b. Dethroit.'

"'Judge Gary, in an addhress befure th' S'ciety f'r th' Purification iv th' Puddler, says, "Rum is th' curse iv this gin'ration. As me ol' preciptor, th' Gamaleel iv me youth, th' late Jawn W. Gates wud say: 'I'll bet ye a millyon it's so.'"'

"I DON'T know which iv th' thrinity I ought to pay most heed to, an' I'll niver know onless th' pa-apers resooms printin' th' income tax list. But I s'pose Jawn D. Junior is still out in front as an evangilist, although Hinnery must be a close sicond, while th' Judge is far fr'm broke. But all iv thim has plinty iv currency, an' it wudden't be safe f'r a spir'chool piker to go against thim.

"Whin money talks, listen. Take off ye'er hat. Listen with riv-rence an' ye may hear something to ye'er advantage. Th' throuble with Christyanity is that it was undercapitalized at th' start, but ample funds has now been provided f'r it, an' I look to see it put on a dividend basis befure th' end iv th' fiscal year undher a new managemint with progressive policies an' a sthrong sellin' organization.

"It was high time that th' morals iv th' wurruld were enthrusted to capable hands accustomed to large entherprises. Look how they've put prohibition on its feet! It amounted to nawthin' whin fellows like Francis Murphy, Jawn B. Gough, an' Neal Dow were pleadin' with father, dear father, to come home to thim now, an' showin' th' toss-pot a green an' yellow picture iv what his stomach wud look like if he didn't.

"In thim days it was a small retail consarn. But undher th' guidance iv these cappytalists it has become, next to th' hay crop an' th' movies, th' largest an' most expinsive iv our naytional industhrees, givin' employmint to hundherds iv thousan's iv worthy men an' women as inspictors, disthrict attorneys, jurymen, informers, bootleggers, rum runners, Smedley Butlers, an' coroners.

"Whin th' govermint wants a disthrict attorney, it asks th' head iv th' Steel Comp'ny to appoint wan. Th' gr-reat man calls in his sicrety an' says: 'Higgins, have we a lawyer we can spare?' 'We have a hundherd,' says th' sicrety. 'Well,' says th' conthriver iv shapes, 'pick out wan iv thim an' tell him to put on his coat an' hat an' go over to th' coorthouse an' be disthrick attorney. I expict him to crush with an iron heel th' hydhra-headed monsther,' says he.

"'D'ye mane th' Bethlehem?' says th' sicrety. 'No,' says th' conjuror iv brake beams; 'I mane th' Demon Rum. An' tell him th' corporation will pay him his sal'ry while he's laborin' in th' vineyard. I'd pay it out iv me own pocket, but I don't want to,' he says. 'Ye're a gin'rous soul,' says th' sicrety. 'I'm all iv that in th' cause iv righteousness,' says Tubal Cain.

"An' a picture iv Jawn W. Gates that had been hangin' on th' wall squirmed an' fell to th' flure with a crash an' was dashed to pieces.

"It's a gr-reat firm: 'Jawn D. Junior, Hinnery, an' Elbert. Consciences inspicted. Hearts sarched. Souls mended while ye wait.' I hope it will branch out an' give us its idees on other topicks besides dhrink. Hinnery Foord is doin' so already.

"THERE ain't anny subjick that th' Sage iv Dethroit is afraid to tackle single handed an' alone. He'd decide th' Shakespeare-Bacon conthrovarsy in wan minyit if he'd iver heerd iv ayther claimant. I s'pose there ar-re moments whin Hinnery doubts his own infallibility; but whin fearful misgivings comes over his sinsitive mind about his leadership in th' wurruld iv thought, all he has to do is to call up th' bank an' ask f'r his balance. Whin he finds out what it is, he slaps himsilf on th' chest an' cries: 'I'm still th' sic-

ond wisest an' moralest man in th' wurruld! Jawn D. Junior on'y noses me out be a couple iv hundherd millyons.'

"There ain't annything that splindid produck iv our land iv freedom hasn't his own idees about. Sure, didn't he stop th' war? He did so. Who but a man that'd been inspired to derrin'-do be ridin' in wan iv his own tin runabouts wud've thought iv steppin' between th' mud-stained warryors? An' all along th' battle front, fr'm Cally to Salonika an' fr'm Port Said to Cabul, th' embattled peasants lay down their ar-rms an' laughed till they were that weak they couldn't pick thim up again. An' in doo time, peace come. I admire Hinnery. I wisht there was more men in th' wurruld like him. He wudden't be so noticeable.

"Th' time has gone by whin we expeck our moral precepthors to be meek an' lowly. Th' leader we're prepared to follow out iv th' land iv Agypt must have a bulge in both sides iv his coat—wan on his left side fr'm his noble heart an' th' other knob on th' right side, where throbs his bank roll.

"Why shudden't a man that has a stack iv chips in front iv him that he can har'ly peek over think well iv himsilf? There's nobody to tell him annything to th' conthrary. He may not be a hero to his valet who's kneelin' to put on his gaiters, but th' valet don't let on that he ain't or he might get a kick in th' chin. Whin th' gr-reat man marches down to th' front pew iv th' church he built, th' clargyman don't preach that mornin' on th' parable iv Dives and Lazarus, but whin he says, 'Dearly beloved,' he looks right at th' front pew.

"NO wondher he admires himsilf. Th' likes iv ye who're always railin' at money, what d'ye think about, dhream about, toil f'r, cheat f'r, risk ye'er life f'r, but money? Avarice ain't confined to th' wealthy. Manny a poor man has as much avarice as th' Rothschilds, but he don't know how to apply it an' it gets him no further thin wishin'. No, me boy; if we all hanker afther money, an' invy it, an' want it so bad that we'd do annything f'r it, it follows that thim that has it must be th' sthrongest, most courajoos, most thoughtful, an' most beautiful iv our race.

"That's why I'm willin' to follow these good men. F'r good men they ar-re, who practice what they preach. I don't s'pose wan iv thim has annything but hard coal an' thrunks in his cellar. I'd go so far as to make thim a permanent comity to run th' counthry. If th' head iv th' Steel Comp'ny can pick th' disthrict attorney, there's no raison why he shudden't silict th' Prisidint or th' Chief Justice iv th' Supreme Coort. Mebbe he did. There must be plinty iv men around th' wurruks who ar-re a little too old f'r active jooty, but ar-re too useful to scrap, who cud put in half time in th' White House an' spind th' rest iv their day settlin' personal injury cases.

"There ain't annything a man with a billyon dollars cudden't do an' oughtn't to be let do. I'm willin' to have thim tell me what books I shud read, what plays I shud see, what pa-apers I shud take, who I shud vote f'r, what age I ought to marry at an' whether blonde or brune, how to bring up th' childher, an' what I shud ate an' dhrink, if it pizened me. But I hope an' pray that they'll be marciful, f'r there's nawthin' to prevint thim fr'm financin' a movement to make all males o'er th' age iv twinty-five grow sidewhiskers.

"IV coorse there ar-re rebillyous subjicks who kick again' havin' th' road to Zion pinted out to thim be a jooled forefinger. Hogan is wan iv that ojus class.

"'I don't want to be preached at,' says he, 'fr'm th' back iv a private car or,' he says, 'have directions f'r th' care iv me soul hollered at me through a miggyphone fr'm th' deck iv a yacht. It's little I care what they think, now that they've got it. What I'd like to know is what they thought while they were gettin' it,' says Hogan. 'If wan iv thim will publish a little rellijous manyul, or what ye might call vaddy mecum, that wud show how to breed wan dollar to another, I'll subscribe f'r it in a minyit an' take me chance that Father Kelly can clear me spiritchool charackter later,' says he. 'I want to be good, but I want to be rich first,' says he. 'I'll be thankful to thim if they'll let me know how they done it. But they won't,' he says. 'I s'pose they've f'rgot,' says he. 'Mimry must have its statue iv limitations or none iv us wud be happy,' says he.

"But Hogan's opinyon ain't worth annything. If he had forty dollars in his clothes at anny wan time he'd be a greater authycrat thin Wayne B. Wheeler. He's bad enough whin he's broke."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "what I've always wondhered at is why th' big business fellows I used to r-read about niver were succissful in pollyticks. Th' minyit wan iv thim got an office he was a bust. Why shudden't a man be succissful in both?"

"I s'pose," said Mr. Dooley, "'tis because pollyticks is none iv their business."

Once more Finley Peter Dunne has scored a bull's-eye. In next week's issue his target will be Political Diseases, and readers of Liberty will chortle at the accuracy with which Mr. Dooley hits the tender spots in the hide of the body politic.

FREE

10-Day Tube

Mail the Coupon

It's Film

That makes your teeth look "off color" and invites decay and gum troubles

(Run your tongue across your teeth and you'll feel it!)

Accept, please, this remarkable dental test which firms delicate gums and gives "off-color" teeth dazzling whiteness by removing the dingy film that clouds them

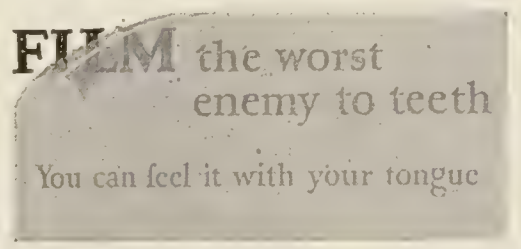
IN a few days you can work a transformation in your mouth this new way. Dazzling whiteness will supplant that "off-color" look of your teeth. Your gums will become firm and take on the healthy coral tint you envy.

FILM . . . the trouble maker

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film, a viscous coat.

That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy, "off-color" look. It is the basis of tartar. Germs by millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and gum disorders.



Old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. Regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull—your gums toneless.

New methods remove it.
Your Gums become Firm

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it. Your gums become firm and of healthy coral color.

What you see when that film is removed—the dazzling whiteness of your teeth—will delight and amaze you.

Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this method. A few days' use will prove its power beyond doubt.

Mail the coupon. A ten-day tube will be sent you free.

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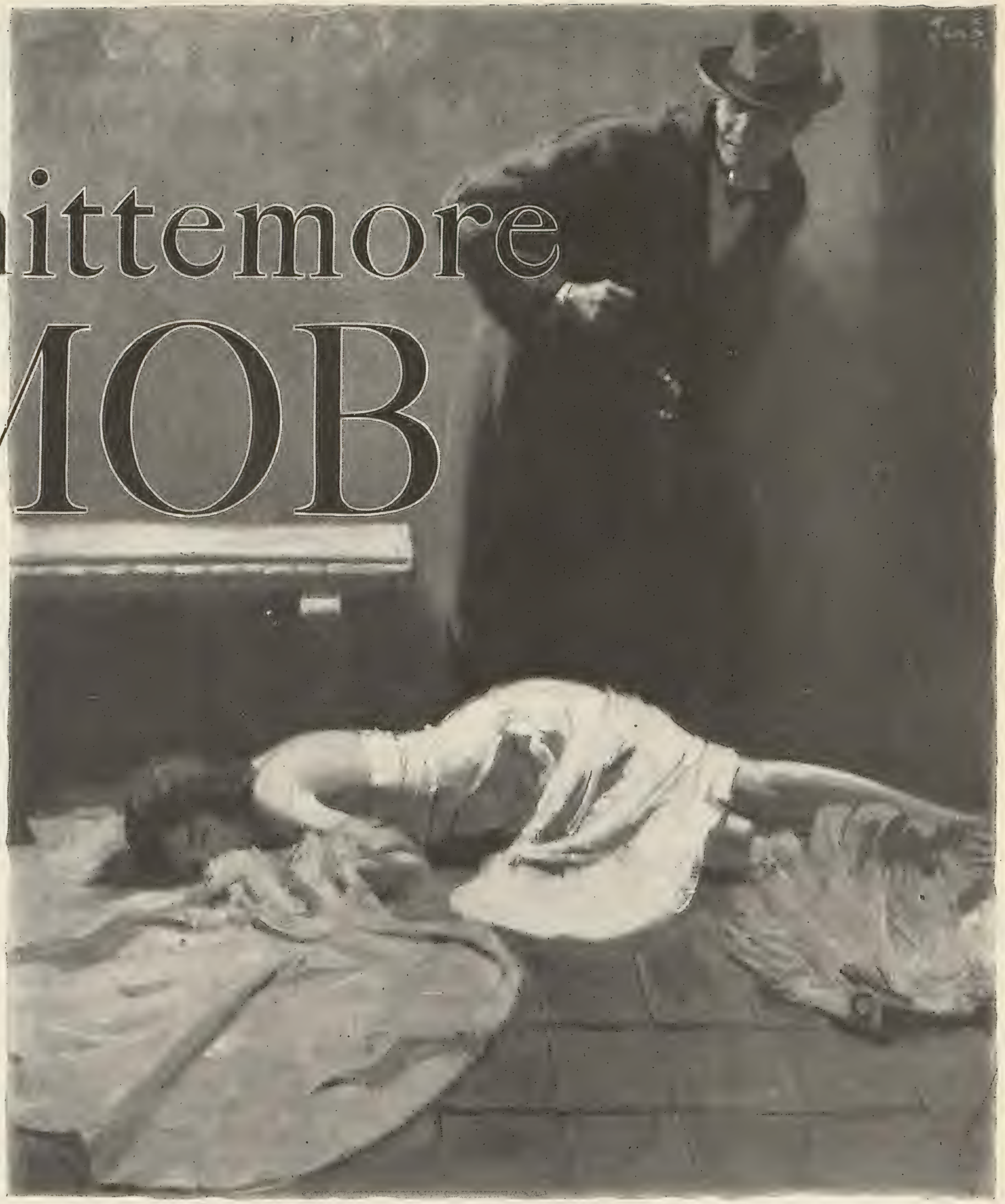
Only one tube to a family 2161

The Whittemore MOB

Murder Repays Kindness in the Code of America's Most Vicious Criminals

An Article by
Sidney Sutherland

Picture by
KENNETH CAMP



"Whittemore suddenly walloped her on the jaw, kicked her a couple of times, took two diamond rings, and strolled away."

FIVE generations of respectability had fixed the name of Whittemore in a secure place in Baltimore. The family activities reflected credit upon the city, and everywhere its members were spoken of with pride. Suddenly, from out of this pure stream of heredity, a monster rose. A cold-blooded killer and thief. His career of crime began in early childhood, swept through a wild youth, and culminated only when two States fought for possession of his person, one to hang him and the other to put him to death in the electric chair. This atavistic freak is Richard Reese Whittemore, chief of the Whittemore Mob, made up of eight other wretches like himself, seven of alien blood, who terrorized New York City, Baltimore, Buffalo, and Philadelphia before they were rounded up.

PART TWO

THE ancestral background of the nine members of the notorious Whittemore gang and their earlier careers have been sketched in the first article. Racially we find this line-up:

Richard Reese Whittemore	American
Jacob Kramer	Russian Jew
Leon Kramer	Russian Jew
Milton (Shuffles) Goldberg	Russian Jew
Simon Gilden	Russian Jew
William G. Unkelbach	Russian Jew
Charles M. Gross	American
Nate Weinzimmer (alias Zimmer)	Jew
Anthony Paladino	Italian

Let us now revert to the career of Dick Whittemore, since he is the mainspring of the criminal machine that startled the country with its spectacular outlawry. Behind the official record of this youthful murderer were dozens of mysterious crimes—holdups, burglaries, whisky running, and murders—which the police of Eastern cities do not hesitate to attribute to Whittemore, but which have not been definitely linked to his activities.

Dick first reached a police blotter in 1909, when, at seven years of age, he was fined two dollars as a disorderly person in his Baltimore neighborhood.

In 1916 he enlisted in the navy, and was discharged as unfit for service because of his slight build and disease. He immediately got into trouble and was sent to the Maryland School for Boys. His ticket read "Incorrigible."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

This salad dressing holds a *discovery*

Most women have a delightful sense of having *discovered* something when they first try Carnation Milk. They find, to their surprise, that this milk is actually *better* than bottled milk for all sorts of important daily uses.

Take this salad dressing. To it Carnation Milk contributes a special smoothness, creaminess and richness—as if *heaps* of butter had been used. That is because Carnation is pure, rich milk (unsweetened), made doubly rich by evaporation, *and "homogenized" to give every drop an equal share of the double helping of cream.*

Carnation Milk *does* improve the texture, flavor, richness and body of foods—as domestic scientists have often shown. And it is most convenient and economical.

Carnation Boiled Salad Dressing

1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of cayenne pepper, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 egg yolks, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ cup Carnation Milk diluted with ½ cup water, ¼ cup apple vinegar (5% acidity). Mix and sift the dry ingredients; add to the slightly beaten egg yolks and beat together well; pour on the diluted milk gradually, stirring constantly; cook over hot water and stir occasionally until a coating is formed on spoon. Remove from fire, add the vinegar and butter, and stir till smooth.

Write for "My Hundred Favorite Recipes" by Mrs. Mary Blake. A most useful little book—free

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You can dilute the double-rich contents of the tall can until the quart bottle overflows with pure milk

"From Contented Cows"

IDEALS

If you wish to gain them, follow nature's laws —and, above all, this natural rule in skin care which has proved its effectiveness to the world

RIGHT living, right diet and proper exercise are the factors leading experts urge for physical perfection. For skin perfection these experts urge natural ways in skin care.

Thus, on expert advice, the artificial beauty methods of yesterday have largely been discarded.

Foremost beauty authorities have found beauty insurance starts with proper cleansing of the skin. They urge the soothing lather of olive and palm oils as blended in Palmolive as the safe, natural way in skin care. Most of the pretty skins you see today are due to it.

Use Palmolive according to the simple rule here given. Note the difference a single week will make. It is nature's formula to "Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion."

Start today with this simple care—
Note how your skin improves

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

F BEAUTY

Physical Perfection

That Schoolgirl Complexion

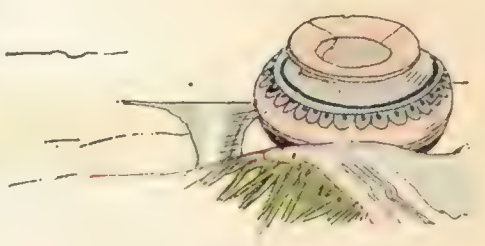
3225

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE is a beauty soap made solely for *one* purpose; to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is the second largest selling soap and has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

Remember those facts when tempted to risk an unproved soap on your skin.



Beautiful Gifts for Graduation

√ √ Wahl makes them all √ √

Graduation or Commencement—it is one of life's happiest days! If you would like to make it memorable for some boy or girl, let us suggest a gift that carries with your finest sentiment the finest values of a personal pen—beautiful and useful. √ √ A Wahl Pen. √ √ Exquisitely fashioned in many styles. Green or yellow solid gold, sterling silver, gold- or silver-filled, hard rubber in red, black or mottled. √ √ Grecian, Dart, Colonial designs. √ √ Also the size you'd like to give: big "balloon" type pen or slim, cylindrical girl's model, with a heartful of endearing little words contained in every single filling. √ √ A most practical gift, too! For Wahl Pens really last. Their solid-gold points are tipped with precious iridium. Those with metal barrels are virtually indestructible. √ √ And so easy to get! Simply go to the nearest Wahl Pen and Eversharp counter. That's an idea! Give a combination set of Wahl Pen and Eversharp!

Your Signature is You on Paper

Leave with the boy or girl to whom you give a Graduation gift, this guiding thought: "All you write is not only yours but you! Choose, then, most carefully, the pen that helps you to express your real self!"

WAHL PEN

Made by the makers of Eversharp

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

In 1917 he invaded the Baltimore Bad Lands and began to associate with hardened criminals. In 1918, at sixteen, he re-enlisted in the navy. His contribution toward winning the war with Germany was to get himself arrested on a charge of larceny. He was sent to Portsmouth Naval Prison, soon released, and sent back to the Ossipee, a ship he deserted in New York harbor. He returned to Baltimore and married Margaret Meshler.

ON September 24, 1919, the young desperado was caught climbing through a window for the purpose of robbing a Yonkers, New York, home. He was sentenced to Elmira Reformatory for one year. There he met Tony Paladino, sent up from New York on a charge of larceny. Paladino conceived in his thick brain a kind of hero-worship for the dangerous Baltimore lad, and long afterward joined him in the New York crime carnival.

Released from Elmira, Whittemore returned to Baltimore, gathered a gang and began a series of holdups that kept the police hustling.

On October 16, 1921, he robbed the home of Henry Rosenberg, 1423 North Bentalou Street, of clothing and jewelry valued at $377. He was sentenced to three years in the Maryland State Penitentiary.

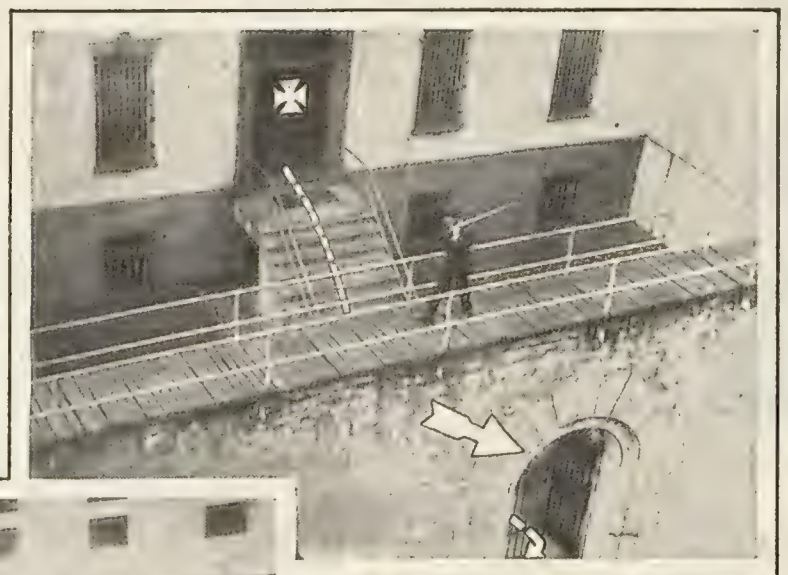
Whittemore became a model prisoner. He joined the Sweezey Club, organized by Colonel Claude B. Sweezey, a warden who loved to coddle his charges. About twelve desperate members of this club escaped from prison during the Sweezey regime.

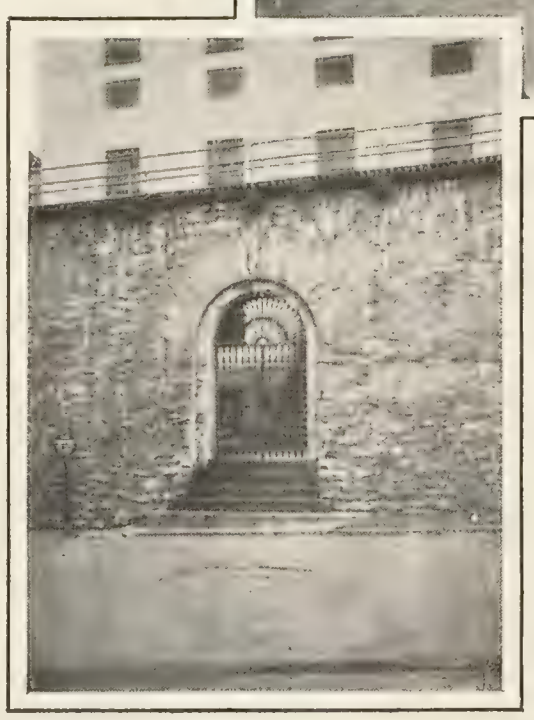
The Sweezey Club invited Baltimore's wrath. Its members had a big room to lounge in, and enjoyed many privileges, among them card-playing for big sums, drinking, smoking, reading—and plotting to escape! Whittemore became the prison boxing champion of his weight; and in the clubroom he consorted with Jake and Leon Kramer, then rounding out a ten-year term for introducing the can-opener method of looting safes. Dick became a favorite of the warden.

Because of exemplary behavior, Whittemore was released in May, 1924. Also profiting by their prison deportment, the Kramers were turned out about the same time. The brothers went to New York City, and Whittemore scurried back to the Bad Lands.

But Dick had learned caution if not repentance, and while many of the town's unsolved crimes are ascribed to him, his wrists did not again nestle inside handcuffs until December 6, 1924. That night he was seated in the Gayety Rathskeller with Unkelbach and Goldberg. Two young women came in and joined the trio. After numerous drinks, one of them invited Whittemore to her home.

They stopped at the Diamond Cafe, a rendezvous for the underworld on the northwest side of town, had a few drinks, and proceeded to the woman's home in a taxicab. In the vestibule, Whittemore suddenly walloped her on the jaw, kicked her a couple of times, took two diamond rings, and strolled away.





Cross shows the door by which Whittemore reached the prison yard. Arrow points to gate in outer wall.

Gate through which the murderer made his exit to liberty.

On December 12, Whittemore, with Goldberg, Gilden, Gross, and Unkelbach, stole five Internal Revenue badges, armed themselves and broke into a house on Bellair Road, compelled the young housewife to arise and dress, stole ten gallons of whisky, some money, and a fur coat.

While the police were frantic in their efforts to stop the saturnalia of holdups, housebreakings, and burglaries, Julius Schaeffer allied his choice collection of followers to the Whittemore gang. Several of Dick's buddies had vanished for a time and Schaeffer's outlaws took their places.

At eleven o'clock on the night of January 5, 1925, Dick and Julius, Tom Phillips, John Dietz, and Al Lott raided the Twenty-seventh Ward Democratic Club at 5279 Park Heights Avenue. They bundled John J. Gaffney, the manager, and half a dozen club members into a washroom and bound their hands and feet with adhesive tape, robbing them of twenty-four hundred dollars and a quantity of booze.

Several of the victims recognized the mob, and these had their heads bashed in.

The quintet fled to Philadelphia, and on January 14 Margaret Whittemore earned her sobriquet of Tiger Girl. Led by Lieutenant Cornelius Roche, three Baltimore detectives and two Philadelphia officers knocked on the door of a flat in Green Street. No answer—so they kicked in the panels just as the five men, with Margaret and a Kansas City woman named Mary Krieg, ran for the fire escape.

At the command to throw up their hands, Margaret ran to a chiffonier, opened a drawer, and grabbed three pistols. Two of them she tossed to Whittemore and Schaeffer, and with the other one she opened fire at the invaders.

Roche swung his revolver and knocked her down, while she fought like a wildcat. Then he placed a large and heavy foot on her wrist, twisted the pistol out of her hand, and handcuffed her. The two men declined to shoot, and the whole mob was taken to Baltimore.

State's Attorney Herbert R. O'Conor went into action, and on January 25 the five men were sentenced to prison. The women were released. Whittemore's share of the penalty was fifteen years and three months. As he entered the penitentiary, the founder of the Sweezey Club shook his kindly but misguided old head and chided the youth.

Whittemore had a disease that required daily trips across the yard to the hospital on the south side of the institution. Assuming a docile and friendly mien, he regained the confidence of his keepers, and presently he was being permitted to go across the yard unescorted, only the shout, "Here he comes!" from one guard apprising the next one.

THE Sweezey Club bore its fatal fruit on February 20. Dick went to the hospital, received treatment, and started down to the yard. At the foot of the stairs, Robert H. Holtman, the forty-eight-year-old guard, nodded to him and turned to unlock the gate. Whittemore jerked an iron pipe from his shirt and struck. The blow was so savage that Holtman fell in a pool of blood and died within a few hours.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Practical Front Comfolette

A BODY support that is light, flexible and of smart design; and that has the Comfortable Elastic Feature* of the P. N. Practical Front.

This patented and exclusive feature brings to the wearer the benefits of a fresh fitting each day; it gently restrains the bust and gracefully moulds the figure; and it brings new ease and comfort.

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Made of durable and beautiful Fancy Brocades. On sale at your favorite store.

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"The Custom-Corseted Look"

*Patented

P.N. Practical Front Comfolette

Because he's so *clean* -that's why

OF COURSE she likes him better. The other fellow dances well—a fine chap, but—you know—a bit careless. To be frank, not pleasant to dance with.

Lifebuoy means a lot to big-muscled, high-speed men. Freshens like a dip in surf. Gets under the surface. You *stay* clean. Lifebuoy's tonic, antiseptic lather positively does away with body odor. *Removes the cause.* Not a substitute for cleanness—but cleanness itself...Great soap—invigorating—peppy—keeps skin in grand condition.

Lifebuoy smells antiseptic because it's that kind of soap. Better be *safe* than scented. It protects—then the odor vanishes completely—never clings. Lifebuoy is orange red—the color of its pure palm fruit oil. Get it today and tomorrow's bath will bring a new kind of cleanness.

Now as to *us women!*

Oh—you know—read that text above, but just put yourself in the man's place. One luxurious revel in a tub of Lifebuoy lather will prove it's all true—and applies to us.

Men like to think they are dynamic and that we dainty creatures loll around all day. You know they'd be worn out by noon if they tried to do *our* day's work.

Our active bodies crave Lifebuoy's fresh, reviving cleanness quite as much as theirs—even more, I think.

Give Lifebuoy a trial. It's the soap you've been looking for. You'll like it. Your skin will *love* it. The odor, which you will quickly learn to like because it's so *clean,* vanishes at once, completely.

The Health Doctor

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

[THE WHITTEMORE MOB
Continued from Page Forty-five]

Whittemore moved swiftly. He took the guard's pistol, his keys, and a small roll of bills, turned to run down a corridor—and confronted John Thomas Bowie, a negro trusty. With menacing oaths, he drove the terrified man ahead of him. They came to a gate. Whittemore unlocked it, hurried down a hall on the second floor, unlocked the door, and ran down the steps to the Madison Street gate.

Finding the right key, he turned the last lock, and with Bowie stepped outside, sped to Constitution Street, plunged into the traffic and disappeared. Bowie hastened back to the prison and gave the alarm.

Whittemore hurried to the Bad Lands and appealed to Chicago Tommy Langrella for asylum in his hotel on Front Street. Langrella kept him a couple of days, and then took him to Philadelphia on a booze-running truck.

Baltimore went wild, and the Sweezey Club went into the discard during the investigation ordered by Governor Ritchie. The customary five hundred dollars reward for a penitentiary fugitive was offered.

FOUR days later, on February 24, there was a sensational daylight holdup of the Western Maryland Dairy Company's collection automobile. Six men in a machine crowded the collector's car to the curb, shot him and his guard, and escaped with $16,304. The police said it was done by Gilden, Goldberg, the two Kramers, Gross—and Whittemore!

Long afterward it transpired that, whether they did it or not, all of them except Gilden and Gross went to Philadelphia and established quarters where they could hide from time to time. Proceeding to Cleveland, they engaged an apartment at East Boulevard and Superior Avenue in the Park Hill district and another flat on the Thornhill Road. Then they went to New York City, scattering to different hotels and apartments under various names.

The following month, March, contemptuous of the murder indictment and with the police of the entire East looking for him, Whittemore led his mob back to Baltimore and perpetrated a sensational noon-hour stickup, of which mention was made in the first article. This was the case in which J. Wahl Holtzman, collector for the American Banking Company, was terribly beaten and robbed of $8,792 in cash and a considerable amount of securities.

The trial of Gilden developed a scandal in Baltimore which showed how crooked lawyers, gaining the confidence of the police through personal favors, were able to get

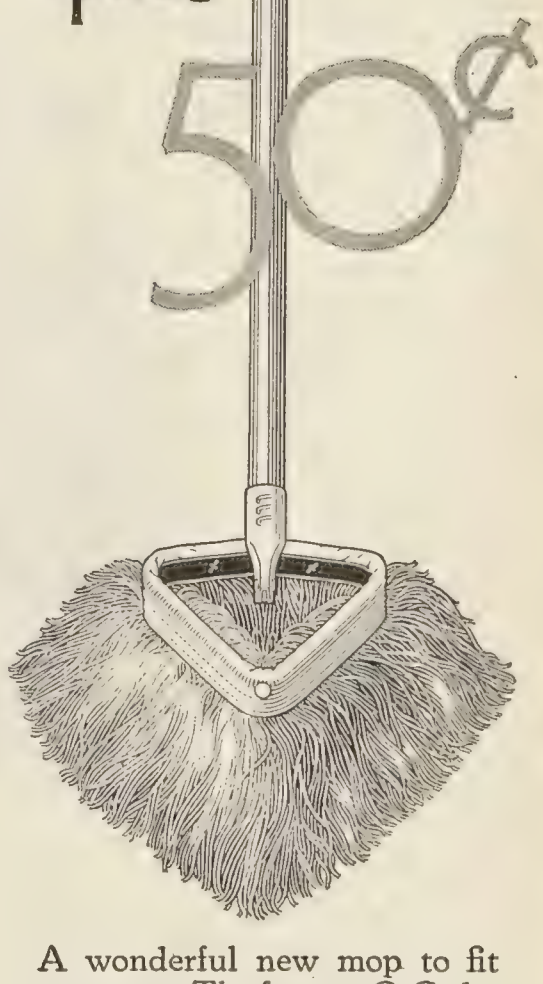
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

now-a real

O-Cedar Polish Mop

at the unheard of price

50¢



A wonderful new mop to fit any purse. The famous O-Cedar padded triangle swab that gets into stubborn corners and won't mar the furniture. The new O-Cedar screw-in handle that holds the mop firm and makes handling easy. Only O-Cedar could produce such a mop at such a price. At your dealer's now backed by the O-Cedar guarantee. Buy today.

Also to beautify your floors, mops in other sizes at 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75.

It dusts, cleans

and polishes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

their clients out of bad scrapes. Gross was also indicted in this case.

Whittemore now made New York City his base. He ran into Paladino, revived the Elmira Reformatory acquaintance, and incorporated him in the band. Nate Zimmer, a Cleveland crook, also became a recruit; and Jake Kramer settled into his role as master mind of the mob.

IT was Jake's duty to "finger the joint"—that is, map out the raid. He would enter a jewelry store, leave a watch to be repaired, or look at rings. Returning again and again, he would learn how many clerks there were, how big the crowds outside would be, where the traffic policeman would be stationed, whether the safe would be closed, what stock was kept, how the stream of traffic would be running—anything that occurred to his cunning mind.

When all was ready—and Jake exercised infinite patience in preparing for the holdup—then Whittemore with his pistol would lead the gang into action.

It also was Jake's duty to take care of the loot, bargaining with fences for the last possible penny, handling the money, distributing it among the mob, and preparing alibis for the members if they should be arrested.

Paladino, the concrete-headed muscle man, usually stood on a corner to take care of the traffic officer. Nate or Goldberg drove the get-away car. Unkelbach or Gilden also were lookouts, prepared to murder the policeman if he left his corner, or any passer-by who butted in.

Whittemore and Leon Kramer, and any of the others not otherwise assigned to posts, would stage the actual robbery. Whittemore and Leon were the gunmen in the lead; Goldberg carried handcuffs or rolls of adhesive tape to bind the jewelers, the clerks, and the customers.

By the time Jake's shrewd orders had been obeyed and Whittemore's ruthless stickup had been carried out, almost every element that might have protected society against the marauders had been eliminated. Foresight and surprise and fear were the secrets of success—and patience to bide their time if, when they reached the scene, some little thing had arisen to confound their plans.

No wonder New York City was helpless and aghast during 1925 as the gang sprang its coups! The outlaws struck in unexpected places, each attack far from the preceding sortie. They were so terrifying in their savage onslaughts that the police were powerless.

While numerous crimes during that year undoubtedly were committed by the Whittemore bandits, District Attorney Joab H. Banton and his first assistant, Ferdinand Pecora, cannot identify this group with any murders in New York City. They have enough evidence, however, to keep the entire gang in prison for life on the score of holdups. The following is a digest of their doings:

April 5, 1925. The Metro Sacks jewelry store, 43 West 125th Street. In this robbery, Whittemore, the two Kramers, and Goldberg participated. Jake is said to have driven the car while the trio went in and did its stuff.

Due to the excitement of the jeweler in his preliminary survey of the despoiled premises, he almost invariably gives an exaggerated account of his losses. Thus the newspapers will attach an erroneous value to the loot in their first editions.

Usually an inventory by the insurance adjuster reveals that the loss is far below the first estimate. The Metro Sacks holdup proves this: The papers first said about fifty thousand dollars. The fact is, the haul came to about sixteen thousand dollars.

THIS practice of the raided jeweler to bleat loudly and magnify his losses adds to the troubles of the go-between who does business for the gang with the fence. Chuckling as they read the first press reports, and the often futile efforts of the police to find clews, the outlaws are prone to insist that the fence buy on the jeweler's early estimate.

The fence, a hard-boiled and wholly unsentimental individual, appraises the loot, first, on the basis of what he can get for it; second, on the nature of the jewelry—that is, how dangerous it will be to get rid of—and, third, on what it is actually worth.

The fence usually allows about twenty-five per cent of the actual value. In a case, however, where the loot is strictly unset diamonds, or jewelry equally easy to dispose of at something near its value, the fence will increase his price, particularly if he wishes to continue relations with the gang of daring and resourceful bandits.

Paladino's first venture with the Whittemore Mob was in the holdup on May 9, 1925, of Jacques Ross, a jeweler at 290 Grand Street, New York. In this job there appeared Whittemore, both Kramers, Goldberg, and Unkelbach, with Paladino on the curb to thwart interference. They got twenty-five thousand dollars in diamonds; and as they drove away with their green bag they left the employees trussed up with handcuffs.

Three weeks later the gang struck again; but they gave the Gotham authorities a little respite by transferring their activities to Buffalo. On June 1, the Levy

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Two Beauty Crimes

Ended for you by this new and totally different way of removing cold cream

THE RIGHT WAY

1 THE SOILED TOWEL METHOD

Rubs germ accumulations back into the skin, inviting scores of skin imperfections.

PLEASE ACCEPT—7-day supply to try, the only way that removes ALL germ-laden accumulations from the pores

IN the last few months, an average of almost 10,000 women *a day*, have adopted this *new and totally different way* of removing cold cream from the skin.

Virtually every important beauty expert in America urges this new way. Scarcely a prominent motion picture or stage star today but employs it. It is one of the most sensational beauty successes in years.

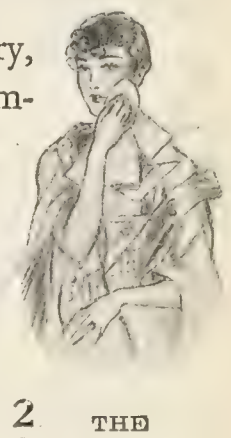
It lightens a darkish skin several shades or more. It keeps "make-up" fresh hours longer than before. It curbs oily skin and nose conditions amazingly.

Please accept a full 7-day supply to try. It will end for you, two crimes against skin beauty most women who use cleansing creams have unconsciously been practicing for years:

1—Rubbing germ-laden matter back into the skin with towels, cloths, etc., which lack in absorbency; 2—irritating your skin by rubbing cold cream off with harsh materials. Scores of skin imperfections now are largely traced to those factors. Stop them, and you'll be amazed at the difference.

A scientific discovery

This new way is called Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—a new kind of material—different from any you have ever seen—developed in consultation with leading skin experts *solely* for the removal of cold cream, correctly from the skin.



2 THE HARSH CLOTH METHOD

Injures delicate skin fabric—causes enlarged pores, skin roughness, etc.

It has 27 times the absorbency of the ordinary towel. It is the only way yet discovered that properly removes all dirt and germ-laden matter from the pores.

It comes exquisitely packed in attractive handkerchief boxes. You use 2 or 3 sheets at a time—then discard them. Never does a germ-carrying cloth touch your skin.

It quickly curbs oily nose and skin conditions. For those are largely caused by cold cream left in the skin which the pores thus constantly exude.

Use the coupon

Try this way. Note results yourself. It will make a great difference in the color and texture of your skin. Clip the coupon now before you forget. You'll thank us many times for what it brings.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in two sizes:

Boudoir size, sheets 6x7 inches, 35c
Professional, sheets 9x10 inches, 65c

KLEENEX
ABSORBENT
'KERCHIEFS
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO., LIB.-6
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—as offered.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

That shave you've hoped for

—not an impossible attainment

Men are discovering—those who shake off habits—that to cling to the same old way of shaving keeps them from new-day comfort.

They are learning, these progressive men, that there is a better way to shave, a more professional way, one which gives always a super-shave.

Always? Yes, with certainty. For with a Valet AutoStrop Razor you shave every time with a super-keen blade, freshly stropped. No constantly dulling blade. This is the only razor which sharpens its own blades.

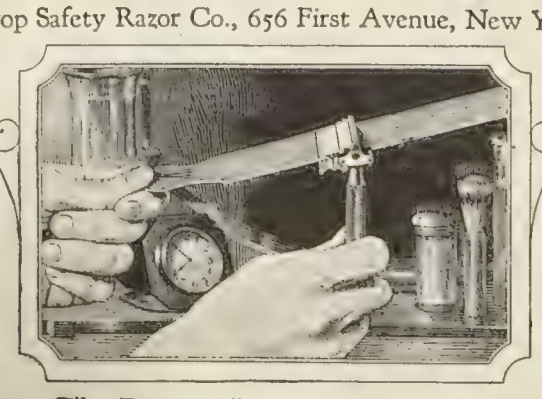
This is, as other men by the millions know, the de luxe way of shaving. With the Valet AutoStrop you can sharpen the blade automatically, then shave, then clean the razor, all without removing the blade.

Try this better way, sir.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 656 First Avenue, New York City



The Razor That Sharpens Itself

[THE WHITTEMORE MOB Continued from Page Forty-seven]

Jewelry Company's store at 483 Main Street was looted of fifty thousand dollars in precious stones. Whittemore, the Kramers, Goldberg, Paladino, and Nate Zimmer used a stolen Cadillac for this chore, and they left the clerks strewn all over the place, handcuffed to the counters.

It was not until July 16 that the Whittemore Mob went into action again. On that date we find Gilden among those present, together with Joseph Ross, the latter a crook who operated in several Eastern cities.

This pair, with Whittemore, the Kramers, Goldberg, and Paladino, visited Stanley's jewelry store at 269 West 125th Street, New York City.

They got fifty thousand dollars after handcuffing the staff. Ross took out his knife and threatened to mutilate the manager as he lay bound on the floor unless he opened the safe.

TWO months passed, during which Whittemore probably was around Buffalo smuggling booze, and on September 14 the gang stuck up David Bick's shop at 360 Third Avenue, New York City.

They got fifty thousand dollars in jewelry.

Three weeks later they descended on the store run by Mrs. Linherr at 193 Sixth Avenue, and fled with thirty thousand dollars' worth of precious stones. The same seven took part.

A fortnight passed, and John Sandford, salesman for Larter & Sons, 15 Maiden Lane, told Arthur Franklin, his colored chauffeur, to drive to Eighty-fourth Street and Broadway, where a customer was waiting.

Jake Kramer had spotted the salesman, and the six outlaws followed in their Cadillac.

As Sandford stepped to the curb, Whittemore thrust his pistol against the man's body, tore his sample case from his grasp, and held him until the rest of the mob had transferred his grips from the flivver to the big car.

The loot consisted of watches and trinkets. It came to twenty-five thousand dollars, although the fence gave them only about ten per cent of that amount for it, because of the trouble he would have in disposing of the watches.

A piece of banditry involving the killing of two bank guards, the wounding of a third, and a clean get-away with ninety-three thousand dollars will be described in next week's issue of LIBERTY. This was the culminating outrage credited to the Whittemore Mob, but the jury failed to agree in Whittemore's murder trial and he was sent to Baltimore to face a murder charge there.

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The CARTER PEN

A NEW Pen—an old name. It's osmiridium (osmium and iridium combined) point provides a silky, smooth writing pen—a pen of permanence. You may well regard it a lifelong friend.

The Carter Pen is handsome and sturdy in appearance; precision built; of generous ink capacity; quickly filled.

The Carter Rocker Spring Clip—built into the cap—allows The Carter Pen to be easily placed in pocket by slight pressure on spring—holds tight when spring is released.

There's a model and color to fit every hand, and to please individual taste. At leading stores—or write us.

The Carter's Ink Co.
Boston Montreal
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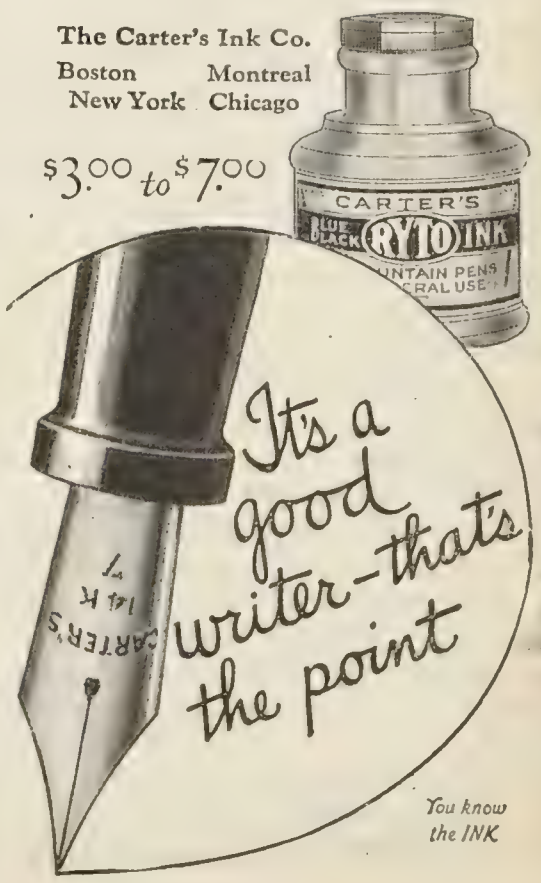
$3.00 to $7.00



How'd You Like *To Be In* My Place?

Leitzel, the Circus Queen, Tells Why She Longs to Be a Typist

An Article by

Basil Queed

Photographs by H. A. Atwell, Chicago

"Heave! Heave heavy! Heave, ho! heave hard!
Heave, ho! Heave, O! H-e-a-v-e!"

A GANG of canvasmen were circling the Big Top, pulling taut the guys, chanting as they worked. The show was late, but not so late that the afternoon performance could not begin at 2:30 or so.

It was, moreover, a beautiful summer day, with a brilliant sun in a lightly mottled sky.

Leitzel, greatest of the individual circus stars, lay in a steamer chair under the canopy that stretched before her "private top," relaxed, at ease, a spectacle of indolence.

"You look," I said, "like a cat that's swallowed a canary."

"I feel," she replied, "like the devil!"

"What's the matter?"

"I wish," Leitzel ventured tentatively, "that I had a nice soft job as a typist."

"That shouldn't be difficult," I suggested. "There aren't many typists who wouldn't, at first blush, I think, change jobs with you. You could, if you wanted, be a star in the movies—a career to which many typists are supposed to aspire. That is not intended to disparage your circus stardom, but movie stardom implies less exertion—which obviously speaks for itself.

"You are, of course, famous, and in a most agreeable way. That is, you don't have to make speeches, like Lloyd George, or take fat-reducing pills, as Mary Garden is said to do.

"Newspaper reporters call to see you, the press agent delights to get your picture in print, you write an occasional magazine article.

"Your fame is lucrative. For seven months of every year you perform with the circus at a stipend that would make many movie stars blink. Then you go into vaudeville and collect some more. Your job has many soft features about it, financially anyway.

"Yet—in spite of all these benefactions of Providence—you are not, on this particular afternoon, entirely at peace with the world. How come? Or, in other words, how do you get that way?"

"I drove my body. I simply would not let it fail."

Lillian Leitzel wants to be a typist. Don't crowd, gentlemen!

"The trouble," Leitzel said judicially, "is that life never sells you anything that's exactly as represented. You usually pay more than it's worth. Take my own case:

"Among the first things I can remember is the ring that hung in my room. I lived with my grandmother in Prague, and I wished to be a great pianist. But ours was a circus family. My mother was a circus woman. So, even before I began to study the piano, I began to practice on the ring.

"I think I would have made a better musician than I have a circus performer. But when I was twelve years old my mother sent for me, and I went to join her troupe.

"She was in England then. With two other girls she began to train me to take part in her act—and there is no training in the world that is so exacting.

"I think my mother was the greatest woman gymnast that ever lived. When she was forty-two years old (and that was only a few years ago) she performed a swan dive from the top of Madison Square Garden straight down into a net that was stretched across the ring as tight as a drum.

"She leaped from a platform that was so high it was almost out of sight in the roof of the building. She glided downward until she was only about six feet from the net, turned a partial somersault, and struck on her shoulders. The impact threw her twenty-five feet into the air, and then, with her arms outstretched and her feet twinkling like a ballet dancer's, she descended feet first. It was a beautiful and amazing sight.

"After I joined my mother I had very little time to think of music. Our days were nothing but work, work, work!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Rough" mounts guard over the body of his friend

"PAL AND ROUGH were only mongrels. But that had nothing to do with their friendship. They were inseparable. Anyone who lives around Two Hundredth Street and Webster Avenue, New York City, could have told you that.

"Then a mishap. Pal was run over by a taxicab. He died almost instantly. No one paid much attention, although somebody gingerly gripped one of his legs and dragged him over to the gutter. There he was left.

"No, it didn't make much difference to anyone. But it did to Rough. Rough mounted guard over the body of his friend, and stood there for forty-eight hours, despite traffic, despite passers-by, despite even young Charley Leavitt, who owned him.

"Charley took his dog home five times, but the latter would only whine until he was freed again to go back to his pal. (*From "An Anthology of Dogs" by W. Livingston Larned in the American Kennel Gazette and Stud Book, March, 1925.*)

Your Dog Deserves the Best

A dog's life at best is a short and uncertain one. But his days can be lengthened and his pleasure in them measurably increased through proper feeding.

Owners and breeders the world over know that there is nothing better than SPRATT'S Biscuits for keeping dogs healthy, happy and vigorous. It is a complete diet, containing in correct proportion all the bone and body building elements which dogs require. It cleanses the teeth, hardens the gums, purifies the breath, and keeps the digestive organs in good condition. *Your dog deserves the best*—feed him regularly on SPRATT'S Biscuits. Your grocer or pet-shop can supply—and your Veterinarian will recommend—SPRATT'S or get it for you.

SPRATT'S PATENT, Ltd.
Newark, New Jersey
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This pamphlet is invaluable to every dog lover. It tells how to feed and care for every size and breed, in sickness and in health. Don't be without a copy. Send 2c stamp for pamphlet No. L-66.

SPRATT'S
DOG CAKES AND PUPPY BISCUITS

[HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE IN MY PLACE? Continued from Page Forty-nine]

"I came with her to America. We played several seasons at Madison Square Garden. But she would not go on the road, returning to Europe as soon as the Madison Square Garden engagement was over.

"Then I determined to have my own act. I paid for that, by and by, in a way that makes me laugh now, but almost broke my heart when it happened.

"I was determined that my act should be nothing like anything that had ever been seen before.

"I was very young. Yet I recognized that principle. I discarded all except the most difficult feats—feats that no other gymnasts were willing to try because of the effort they required.

"And I worked for days and days, perfecting each little piece of business, subduing the element of brawn, striving for delicacy, adroitness—something fresh and engaging.

"IT was necessary to hire a woman to help me; and since the idea was mine, most of the work had been mine, and I was responsible for the payroll, she was featured on the program as assisting me.

"When the opening night finally came, I was in a terrible state of excitement. What I was trying to do was new, and I was afraid the public wouldn't understand. But the act was received enthusiastically, there was a great deal of applause, and I felt very much bucked up.

"The next morning I jumped out of bed and ran for the papers. I seized one of them, found the proper item, and began to read. It was a general review of the bill. All the other features were lauded. Finally, down at the bottom of the item, I saw this line:

"'Lillian Leitzel also appeared in feats of strength, assisted by Miss Blank.' Why the 'assisted'?

"I was utterly crushed—so crushed that I think I cried. The other critics spoke well of me. But all their praise was as Dead Sea apples to me. I asked a friend if he wouldn't take me to the newspaper office and introduce me to the woman who had written the unfriendly criticism. I simply *had* to know why she had done it.

"She proved to be a very amiable person. 'Why,' she said, 'I'm sorry I hurt your feelings, dear. I had to leave the theater before your act came on. I didn't even see it. I was making—well, just a little quip!'

"After that I felt better. But it wasn't by any means the end of my difficulties. I don't believe anybody ever makes a great success of anything without many, many miserable moments. I remember how hard I tried to suc-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

No More Gray Hair

SCIENCE now finds that hair can be restored to natural shade. No tell-tale, crude dyes that endanger hair health. No mess . . . but instead a clear, colorless liquid is used that gives the hair its youthful shade and lustre. Faded hair sparkles with girlhood color. Gray streaks disappear entirely.

Hair fades and turns gray when color pigment is lacking. This scientific method supplies certain necessary elements that take its place and give natural shade. If auburn, hair reverts to auburn. If black, black it will be. Nothing whatsoever to wash or rub off.

It is recommended widely because it's safe and quick. Do not gamble on old-time dyes when your hair is at stake. Some 10,000,000 women have used it. This proves its safety.

Make this free test offered you here. You'll be amazed at what the new way will do.

Or go to any drug store and get a bottle. It's called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. If it fails to restore natural shade you get every penny back.

Test Free

Mary T. Goldman, 924A Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black...dark brown...medium brown...auburn (dark red) ... light brown...light auburn (light red)...blonde.

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Street.....

City.....

Please print your name and address.

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Take a western vacation *carefree*—on a new Burlington Escorted Tour. Travel expert, as escort, manages everything. Costs no more—lump sum includes all necessary expenses. See the best, travel with congenial people. Fifty-three wonderful two-weeks tours — and Alaska. Finest service of three great railroads. Send coupon for free booklet giving all details.

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Please send your free book describing Burlington Escorted Tours.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

ceed—how bitter every minor disappointment was—how much my heart was in my work. Nothing would satisfy me but the superlative. I *had* to be best.

"I drove my body. I simply would not let it fail. And, after a while, I succeeded. But——

"Do you know that I'll never quit—unless I retire permanently? That if an accident were to put me in a hospital for four months, I'd be through, because I'd never be able to regain that lost strength?

"Do you know that I can never enjoy a real vacation? Between seasons, when I sometimes go to Florida, my apparatus goes too, and hangs in a tree. And every day I go through my performance just as if I were on the circus lot. In twelve years I've never abandoned that routine for more than three weeks. And that occasion almost ruined me! About a month ago I was obliged to lay off for just seven days—and look at my hands!"

SHE extended hands of amazing diminutiveness and hard as nails. In the center of one small palm, however, a blood blister had broken, while, under the calluses at each finger tip, huge water blisters rose.

"And look at this!"

She raised one arm, and her light morning frock fell away from the armpit, where the flesh was disfigured by a broad red welt.

"Rope burns," she remarked laconically. "Pleasant admonitions not to be lazy. And I have some others on my legs."

But it isn't in Leitzel's nature long to be plaintive. She smiled—with a certain spontaneous and infectious quality that many children have, but few adults.

"They're getting better, though," she said.

The smile recalled the evening before.

With her rope clasped tight against the scalds on her arm and legs, and the rosin with which she kept her grip biting into the raw places in her hand, Leitzel had climbed to the top of the tent and climaxed her performance by turning one hundred "giant swings."

At the level of the ring the temperature had been eighty-eight degrees. Where Leitzel worked it had been a hundred!

The night itself had been scorchingly hot. To the top of the tent ascended the heat of more than fifteen thousand human beings massed below.

To the top of the tent ascended also the heat given off by a myriad of electric arcs and acetylene

The grace, the ease, the power that come only with torturing hours of training.

flares, which rendered the whole interior as bright as day; while the two great spotlights, in whose glare Leitzel's body contorted itself, sent blasts at her like the open mouths of smelting furnaces.

Yet when she slid down her rope, with the drums rolling the crescendo for her exit, she had smiled at the crowd as if turning one hundred giant swings had caused her no more concern than turning the pages of a newspaper, and as if the top of the big tent had been as softly cool as the Riviera.

Leitzel conceived the giant swing. It is, in one sense, her most valuable asset, because it is the most spectacular of her feats; it is also the bugbear of her existence. She hangs by one arm from a ring, high up in the top of the tent, and hurls her heels over her head again and again, as rapidly as she can, while her body revolves around the shoulder.

About a second is required for one revolution—for one hundred revolutions roughly a minute and three-quarters of the most sustained and heroic effort. No man has ever been able to accomplish it, and only one other woman.

LEITZEL'S average is one hundred and thirty swings a day, or about sixty-five a performance. But, notwithstanding that her blood blisters had clamored for mercy, and that she knew if she flinched she might fall some thirty feet to either death or serious injury, she had whirled to the century mark the evening before, for no other motive than that she wanted to be sure she could.

Leitzel favored her blisters with a rueful scrutiny.

"Anyway, they're getting better," she said.

"It's odd," she reflected a moment later, "what appeals to the public's imagination. The most popular part of my act is the ending—the series of swings. Yet it's one of the least difficult I do. Last winter, in Madison Square Garden, I performed one hundred and fifty-two of those swings at one performance. That meant I had to keep hurling my body around and around in a circle at the rate of one swing a second for about two minutes and a half. One hundred and fifty-two is the highest number I have ever reached. But I could go to two hundred if I were obliged to.

"On the other hand, one of my hardest stunts—the one-arm lift—gets little or no applause. It consists of grasping a ring in one hand, slowly lifting myself until my chin is above my knuckles, and then slowly raising my feet until they project at right angles to my body. This feat can be performed quickly with much less muscular development."

Leitzel works without a net. To use one would ruin the spectacular quality of her act. I asked her if she had ever been injured. She laughed.

"Not in the regular course of my act. But I'll tell you something amusing. I was playing Memphis a couple of seasons ago.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Rakish and distinctive is this new Milano. Smart, what? —It's No. 1780

The Sweetest Pipe In The World

The pleasure you get out of a pipe depends on the care put into its making. Milano is hand-fashioned by master craftsmen from century-old Italian briar — craftsmen whose sole aim is to *increase your smoke-pleasure*.

Milano is beautiful to look at, with its graceful contours and deep, lustrous finish. But its real merit is in the smoking—for, from the first puff, *it's the sweetest pipe in the world*.

Milano comes in 37 smart shapes, smooth finish, $3.50 up. Rustic models, $4.00 up. All are *"Insured"* for your protection. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.

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230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

MILANO
"The Insured Pipe"

THAT MYSTERIOUS ART . . . . . BEING A WOMAN

Boyish bobs, slim, curveless lines . . . "Is femininity a lost art?" asks the older generation.

Freedom, frankness . . . "Never was femininity so much a fine art," declares the younger.

* * * *

Being a woman means more today than ever before. She wants more, she gets more. *But she has to put more into the job!*

She has to cultivate beauty as never before. She must have wit and poise and style—and that mystery, charm.

It's a strange art—made up of many things. Personal things. One in particular which is essentially feminine; which no woman can afford to forget, if she would be attractive.

She has to fight for it. For her daily bath cannot keep her daintiness of person safe from devastating perspiration moisture and odor.

Rings of stain under the arm or across the back? Clothing ruined? A tell-tale odor that gives the lie to beauty? *Unthinkable to the socially successful nowadays!* They take no chances!

And so they make the care of the underarm a separate little rite of the toilette. They regularly use a corrective they *know they can depend upon*—Odorono, the Underarm Toilette.

A physician formulated Odorono as a corrective for *both* moisture and odor. For years it has been used by doctors and nurses in hospitals because of its scientific action and antiseptic qualities.

Clear, clean and harmless, it is as pleasant to use as a dainty toilet water. And you need use it only twice a week to be always fresh and free from any offending moisture and odor. No other precautions are necessary.

Why bother with ineffective, temporary measures? They can never give you the assurance that Odorono does. With it your clothing will never be in danger of those horrid stains that the best dry cleaning can't blot out. And even more important, you will never commit the unpardonable—perspiration odor!

Start the twice-a-week Odorono habit now. You can get it at any toilet counter, 35c, 60c and $1 or sent prepaid.

THE ODORONO COMPANY
326 Blair Avenue,
CINCINNATI, OHIO

RUTH MILLER
326 Blair Avenue,
Cincinnati, O.
Please send me sample of Odorono and booklet for which I enclose 5c.

Name .....
Address .....

NOTE: *If you would also like to try Creme Odorono, a delightful new creme which corrects odor only, send 5c additional*

[HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE IN MY PLACE? Continued from Page Fifty-one]

Really, I felt in superb condition.

"On the particular evening I have in mind, I had been running through the act like wildfire, and was clinging to the rope in an especially graceful and seductive gesture, when one of the sandbags that counterbalance the scenery over the stage came down and soaked me!

"You recall the pictures in the comic strips, where someone is hit on the head, and his eyes are crossed and he's reeling around without any special destination? Well, I felt just like that.

"I saw stars and circles and pinwheels; and everything else was double, or triple, or else it was upside down. I finished the act in a manner I can't remember very well.

"And then I went to my dressing-room and fainted.

"That was the nearest I ever came to death, but I've been horribly frightened many times.

"When the circus has a sandy lot, it's almost impossible to keep the rigging taut. In a high wind, too, the center poles sometimes lift ten inches off the ground, and in damp weather moisture forms over the tape on the rings, and every once in a while my hands slip sickeningly."

"But why," I demanded, "in a circumstance like that, don't you knock off? The announcer could tell 'em it was too darned risky."

Leitzel looked at me in a horrified way, which swiftly changed to incredulity.

"Haven't you ever heard," she said, "that that is never, *never* done in the circus?"

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Plymouth Rock Cat

Lucile, our youngest, visited the family cat in the stable, where six kittens had arrived. A few minutes later she came rushing into the house bursting with the news:

"Oh, mother, mother! Our cat has six kittens—two black ones, three gray ones, and one—one Plymouth Rock."—B. H. F., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

He Made the Horse

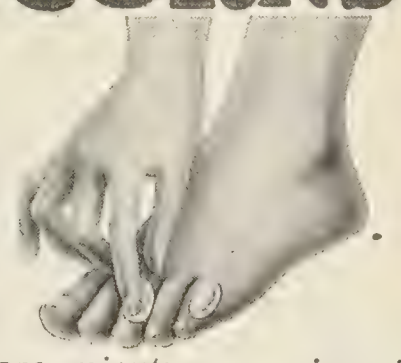
Sonny had been peeking into the open blacksmith shop and came running home, his eyes popping with excitement.

"I just saw a man make a horse!" he cried joyously.

"Why, sonny, what do you mean?"

"Well, when I peeked into the shop he was just nailing on the feet and the horse started to walk."—A. E. J., Minneapolis, Minn.

Quick!
Ends pain at once!
CORNS



In *one minute* your misery from corns is ended. That's how quick Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads give relief. They stop the *cause*—pressing or rubbing of shoes. Once the corn is removed, it can't come back—because Zino-pads stop it before it has time to start.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, medicated, antiseptic, protective, healing. No liquids, no tape, no risk, no bother. Safe, sure, quick results guaranteed. At your druggist's or shoe dealer's. Mail coupon below for free sample.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

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The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.
Please mail free sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, and Dr. William M. Scholl's Book, "The Feet and Their Care," to

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CHICAGO, ILL.

In the privacy of the lawyer's office the client cries: "I am guilty! I killed him!"

When You Go to See Your LAWYER

Tell the Truth and He Will Not Violate Your Confidence

An Article by

CHARLES KELLY

Picture by A. D. FULLER

A MURDER has been committed. Slowly but certainly suspicion is centering upon one woman. She goes to the best lawyer in the community and says: "I am as guiltless of this crime as a new-born babe. If I am accused, will you defend me?"

The lawyer believes what he is told and takes the case. The relation of attorney and client thus comes into existence. The client is indicted and brought to trial. Still believing in her innocence, the lawyer works day and night to prove it.

Then something happens. In the privacy of the lawyer's office the client cries:

"I can't stand this any longer! I am guilty! I killed him! But I am confessing my guilt to you only that you may defend me better and have me found innocent."

What is the lawyer to do in such a situation? Is it his duty to go to the judge and say: "I am sorry, but my client is guilty; she admits her guilt to me"? Or is it his duty to continue to defend his client and, if possible, prove her not guilty? Has the lawyer a duty to the public that would require him to tell the prosecuting attorney his client was a confessed slayer?

The answer to these questions is found in the cornerstone of the law. A lawyer must not disclose his client's confidences. He owes no duty to the public that would require him to tell of the confession; he must continue to defend his client and try to prove her not guilty.

An accepted canon of legal ethics is: when a lawyer is engaged in defending one accused of crime, no rule of public policy can require him to disclose whether his client has confessed guilt.

Even if the court should order the lawyer to state whether his client has confessed, the lawyer must refuse; he must even submit to being put in jail himself for contempt of court rather than disclose a confession.

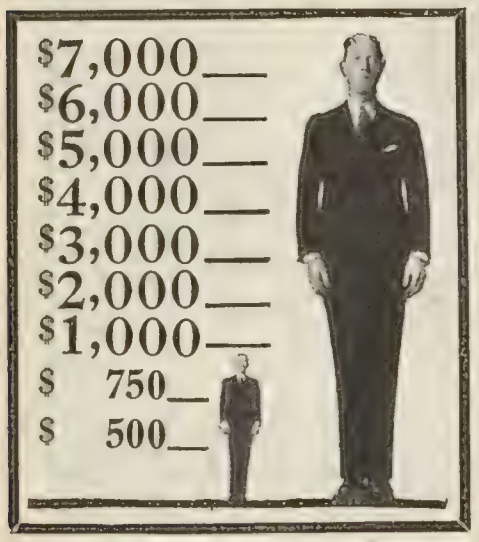
In the oath prescribed by most of the States for admission to the bar is the express clause: "I will maintain the confidence and preserve inviolate the secrets of my client." Disbarment is the penalty for violating this confidence.

This rule applies not only to criminal cases but to civil cases; it applies to consultations of all kinds with a lawyer. Employees in the lawyer's office are charged with the same secrecy. By statute they are forbidden to disclose confidential information.

The principal reason for this is to encourage the client to make a full disclosure of all the facts of a case to his lawyer. Never try to fool your lawyer. Tell him the whole story. Tell him the facts against you as well as those in your favor. That is the rule.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Raised My Pay 700%



This Amazing Book Showed Me How

This Perhaps is the Most Remarkable Book Ever Printed. It Has Proved the Turning Point in the Careers of Thousands Who Were Ambitious for Bigger Pay! If You Ever Aspired to Earn $10,000 a Year or More, Read It Without Fail!

CAN you imagine how a man feels when his earning capacity quickly jumps 700 percent in a few months? Can you imagine how you would feel if your salary suddenly became seven times greater than ever before?

That is exactly what happened to O. A. Jones of Missouri after reading the amazing book pictured above. Between its covers, he discovered something he had never even dreamed of before—a certain force that lifted him out of the routine rut and set him on the road to $10,000 a year!

Unusual? Not at all. This surprising book has done the same for hundreds of others. For example, A. H. Ward read it and quickly saw the way to increase his pay from $1,000 to $13,000 a year. F. Wynn of Portland read it and commenced earning $400 a week. C. V. Champion of Illinois read it and became President of his company at a salary exceeding $10,000 a year!

The Secret of Big Earnings

How did they do it? What did the book show them? Just this: Every one of these men realized that a knowledge of salesmanship and the ability to sell brings bigger rewards than anything else in modern business today! But until they saw the contents of this book—"Modern Salesmanship"—they had no idea that they, too, could win quick success through salesmanship. They believed that this golden field of endeavor was forever barred to them. But they were wrong—and this unusual book opened the way to the success that they had formerly despaired of attaining!

Salesmen Are Made—Not Born!

Yes! Any man of ordinary intelligence can become a successful salesman! Just as you learned the alphabet, you can master the secrets of selling as taught by the National Salesmen's Training Association.

Reason it out for yourself. Salesmanship is governed by rules and laws. There are certain ways of saying and doing things to make men act as you want them to; certain ways of getting exactly what you go after! Once you have mastered these fundamental rules, your success is governed only by your energy and ambition!

Big Demand for Trained Salesmen

Right now city and traveling sales positions are open in every line all over the North American continent. For years thousands of leading wholesalers, jobbers and manufacturers have called on the Association to supply them with salesmen. Employment service is free to both members and employers and thousands have secured positions through this service.

Free to Every Man

If I were asking two or three dollars a copy for "Modern Salesmanship," you might hesitate. But it is now FREE. I cannot urge you too strongly to take this opportunity to see for yourself what salesmanship has done for others—and what the National Salesmen's Training Association now stands ready to do for you. No matter what your opinion is now, "Modern Salesmanship" will give you a new insight into this fascinating and highly-paid profession. MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

Chicagoans are invited to call personally at the Association Building or at our downtown headquarters—Suite 520, at 53 West Jackson Blvd.

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Please mail me FREE your illustrated book, "Modern Salesmanship," and particulars of membership in your association and of Free Employment Service.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

The duty of a lawyer to his client often goes further than merely keeping silent in his client's behalf. In defense of his client's interests he may feel obliged to do something that may lead the public to believe he is taking unfair advantage of technicalities.

A famous case in the South will illustrate this:

A prominent official of the State of Virginia was killed by his nephew, who put poison in his victim's coffee. He was brought to trial, charged with murder in the first degree. Everybody knew he was guilty. He admitted it to his lawyer. His lawyer discovered, however, that the only actual testimony of putting the poison in the coffee was to be given by the Negro servant of the dead man.

His lawyer also knew what nearly everybody else had forgotten that there was an old statute in Virginia which prohibited the conviction of any white man on the testimony of a Negro. So the lawyer objected to the testimony of the Negro. The court examined the statute, found that it was still in force, and therefore was compelled to exclude the Negro's testimony.

WITHOUT the Negro's testimony there was no case against the nephew; the judge was compelled to order his acquittal and the jury found him not guilty. In this case the lawyer did no more than was his duty.

It is not only in criminal cases that the lawyer is called upon to do his duty when, to the public, it sometimes appears that he is beating the law at its own game.

A lawyer defends a man in a divorce action in the State of New York, where only adultery is a ground of divorce. His client denies that he committed adultery; but the case is decided against him. The court grants the wife a divorce decree that permits her to marry again but absolutely forbids the husband to remarry until his wife has died.

After the decree is entered the husband asks his lawyer if there is not some way to get around the court's order, because he wants to marry the corespondent. In this case, it is the lawyer's duty to advise his client that by crossing the State line into Connecticut, for example, he may lawfully marry the corespondent, in spite of the decree, and that when he returns to New York with his new wife his marriage to her will be perfectly legal.

Everybody is "presumed to know the law"; but nobody knows all of it. A better knowledge of the law than is possessed by the layman is the lawyer's sole reason for existence. Remember that a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client.

THE END

You *know* your hair looks *right*

AN important luncheon engagement—you want to look your best . . . Yet—

Your hair! . . . For years men have worried over this, the most conspicuous part of their appearance. But now you can *know* your hair is right. Stacomb will keep it smoothly in place—all day long. Yet never greasy-looking. Comes in jars, tubes and liquid form. All drug stores.

Stacomb
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Free Offer

Standard Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. Z-16, 113 W. 18th St., N.Y.C.
Send free sample of Stacomb as checked:—Cream ☐, Liquid ☐.
Name.....
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At Last— a Blonde Hair Shampoo!

Keeps Light Hair from Darkening —Brightens Faded Blonde Hair

When light haired people wash their hair in an ordinary way, a thin film of oil is often left on each hair, which collects dirt and dust, causing the hair to darken. That is why blondes should always use a special shampoo. For while light hair is always attractive, its beauty is lost just as soon as it becomes uncertain in color, dirty-looking and streaky. Blondex, the new Swedish light hair shampoo, not only keeps blonde hair from darkening, but actually brings back the true golden beauty to even the dullest and most faded blonde hair. Makes hair fluffy, silky. Over half a million users. Fine for children's hair. Highly beneficial to both hair and scalp. It is not a dye. Contains no injurious chemicals. Money instantly refunded if not delighted. Get Blondex at all good drug and department stores.

BLONDEX
The Blonde Hair Shampoo

Flying Death

A Girl Plays a Baffling Role in an Amazing Murder Plot

By Edwin Balmer

Pictures by Will Foster

WOMEN and men embraced on the terrace. I made out Mendell's voice and his wife's sobbing a good-by.

"WE shall have to kill fewer than ten thousand people and destroy less than two hundred millions in property to put ourselves 'in.'" Cawder, the huge cripple, flung the words at Helen Lacey and me. "This we will do with airplanes and ton bombs of TNT. You can see that we are not cruel; we are, in fact, most merciful. It will be the cheapest *coup d'etat* in history."

Henry Bane had brought us by airplane to this man Cawder, whose body was broken and whose soul was inverted, that the cripple might win us over to their desperate plan for world domination.

Bane, like Cawder, was sick in mind. His mother had been murdered by an ex-convict whom Helen Lacey's father, a politician, had had released. The shock had unhinged him. Helen, trying to help him, had inspired his love, though she shrank from him. Iron-willed and touched with genius, he had perfected a type of airplane that could be controlled by radio from a second plane.

He had killed two of our navy flyers for practice, crashing into them with his pilotless plane. At its wheel sat a figure made of wood and wax, in the image of Helen Lacey herself. It was through chasing this murderous contrivance in my plane that Pete Logan and I found ourselves, at last, on Bane's lake in the hills, where were his hangars, his workshop, his house, his assistants, and their wives and sweethearts. One of the sweethearts, Sally Gessler, was blindly in love with Bane.

But only Helen and I were carried off to "headquarters," the great office building in Chicago, that Cawder's eloquence might convert us to their audacious plot.

When I remained unconvinced, I was forcibly taken to the wide roof and escorted to the passenger's seat of a two-seater airplane. My hands were bound. A stranger went to the pilot's pit, took me fifty miles from the city, and then jumped with a parachute. I realized I was to be guided by radio—but by whom, and to what destination?

Part Five

EACH of two airplanes was near enough to be, conceivably, the machine that controlled me. On my right a large, lumbering biplane accompanied me at a dis-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Does Your Child Lead or Lag?

New food drink is practically twice as nourishing as milk

Replacing tea, coffee, and cocoa in thousands of homes

LAGGING children; lagging appetites, usually go together. Undernourishment saps pep. Proper nourishment makes keen, alert youngsters.

The tree grows the way the twig is trained. What your child is thirty years from now depends on how you build today.

Make your child a leader. A glass of cold TODDY or a cup of hot TODDY at meals and bedtime will put roses into pale cheeks, sparkle into listless eyes, vitality into backward bodies.

Children crave TODDY when they won't eat other foods. Every glass they drink gives them *more food value in calories than a big eight-ounce serving of oatmeal and cream or beef stew.*

Mothers recognize milk as the perfect food for children. But, many children won't drink milk —or drink enough of it.

More nourishing than milk

TODDY provides practically twice as much nourishment as milk—and is easier to digest.

One glass of TODDY has three times as many carbohydrates as a glass of milk; contains 60% more protein (tissue-builder); 70% more calories; 65% more mineral matter (needed for nerve, bone, and blood), and is richer in vitamines—those mysterious elements so essential to good health.

Improves the appetite

Not only does TODDY provide essentials other foods lack, but it also whets the appetite for all other foods by changing starchy foods so that they are easily absorbed.

Probably two-thirds of your food is starchy. A few minutes after drinking TODDY, it is turning itself and most other foods into nerve, brain, muscle, and rich, red-blood-building substances.

By clearing the digestive tract, TODDY empties stomachs; brings on *natural* hunger.

Induces refreshing sleep

A cup of hot TODDY before retiring, quickly nourishes tired nerves; brings restful sleep. While you sleep, TODDY continues its restorative work. You awaken refreshed; eager to tackle your daily duties.

Everything TODDY does for children, it does for grown-ups, too.

Doctors recognize Barley Malt Extract, the base of TODDY, as one of the best body-building foods. It is *very rapidly absorbed*, feeding nerves and muscles *quickly*. TODDY brings it to you in a delicious drink that thousands prefer to tea or coffee which have no food value and contain an alkaloid that affects the nerves.

TODDY is not a medicine, but a delicious and healthful food-drink for everybody every day. Serve TODDY, hot or cold, at meals, parties, or between meals. Have a "TODDY" whenever you feel tired or nervous.

"The outstanding feature of this camp during the summer was the benefits derived from the use of TODDY. TODDY is a special nourishing drink, easily prepared for undernourished children and over-tired mothers. It has proven of great value and cannot be recommended too highly."

Alma Regez, Supt. Camp Reinberg, Chicago Dept. of Public Safety Palatine, Ill.

Try TODDY today

Note the improvement in the general health of yourself and children after drinking TODDY for a few days.

Mail the coupon for generous *free* sample.

Grocers and druggists sell TODDY

TODDY "A Meal in a Glass"

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[FLYING DEATH Continued from Page Fifty-five]

tance of a thousand feet. On my left, and a little higher, flew a monoplane of the passenger type and of a size to be a three-seater.

As it kept pace with me—or I was made to keep pace with it—this soon betrayed it as the plane that piloted me.

Other airplanes approached, westbound, and passed at various distances and altitudes. I was up five thousand feet and flying evenly enough. With quick, sudden shifts of rudder or ailerons, my course was corrected and I was kept five hundred feet in front of and slightly below my pilot.

It was impossible visually to recognize Bane in the three-seater. I could get, now and then, only a glimpse of three heads. But I felt his abrupt, decisive hands in the piloting maneuvers.

Of the three heads in the monoplane, I imagined the middle one was feminine; but I could not see it. I had the word of the pilot who had left me that Miss Lacey had gone ahead with Mr. Bane.

I felt him, I say, take me firmly in hand. Now I felt him begin to amuse himself with me, skimming me altogether too close to a single-seater biplane, evidently piloted by some amateur, who was up for practice in the quiet air of dawn.

I almost sent the fellow into a tail spin, and I came through sweating cold from sitting strapped in my seat, helpless to touch a control.

FROM the east and fifteen hundred feet higher flew a mail plane. I was climbing to reach the level of this mail machine and was pointed at it.

The three-seater guiding me also climbed, for the proper position for control was slightly above and behind. Playing with me, was he? I wondered. Was his sense of sport to remain satisfied with sending me skimming past another machine? Or would he send me into this one deliberately?

That depended, I thought, upon whether one of the heads in that three-seater was feminine—whether *she* was aboard. If she was, probably he would continue merely to play with me; probably I would not be deliberately driven into another plane.

He would continue to show her how closely he could skim me by and not strike.

Sweating in my palms and on the soles of my feet, I passed the mail plane, with the mail pilot turning and staring at me.

But I went by. So she was aboard the three-seater. After this he sent me far off to the side, recalled me, crossed me in front of him, tipped me, banked me, and turned me over.

I flew upside down, the straps over my shoulders holding me in.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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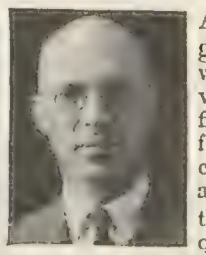

A new kind of gun—a fire gun—amazes everyone who sees it. For when a little valve is released 500 quarts of fire-destroying gas is produced from one quart of liquid. You can actually stand 25 or 30 feet away and direct this stream at the base of the fire which is quickly smothered.

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This new fire gun requires no pump. Does not jam or get out of order. Simply turn a valve and hold the gun steady. You can hit a spot no bigger than a quarter, quite different from the pump gun that weaves and splatters with every stroke.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

He righted me. A few minutes later, he did the worst of all: He ceased to play with me; he ceased to pilot me; he let his hold on me lapse. I was flying by grace of engine power and inherent stability.

I squirmed in my straps as I felt it. I was helpless, seven thousand feet up, with my throttle full open; flying full speed, wild and unpiloted — with the controls, which I could not touch, four feet in front of me. I felt myself amuck, a crazy missile in the sky. I shot up, slanting to the left, tipped, and started to dive. With the engine on full, the pull of gravity was frightfully increased. I zoomed, with the ground rushing up to me—when the radio caught me again.

It leveled me off and sent me ahead of the three-seater once more, and held me there, as on a leash, for an hour. We were over Ohio, with Lake Erie lying on the left, when I was sent circling and the three-seater passed me and flew on far ahead.

Still c i r c l i n g, I watched it go eastward and diminish to a speck.

NOW another pilot, not so abrupt and positive, held me in his hand. He was on the ground, I realized; for no other airplane was in sight until one rose with two men aboard.

They flew above me, while the ground pilot kept me level and steady. The extra man in the new plane came aboard and brought me down to an unmarked meadow next to what appeared to be an ordinary farmhouse. It was a stop for fuel he told me; and immediately the pilot took me on.

He remained at the controls and took me over the mountains to the lake in the hole in the hills.

Having wheels, not pontoons, we landed on the green lawn to the east of the water, where an empty three-seater stood, its engine giving off heat vapors.

The drawn-up doors of hangars displayed a dozen single-seaters, two-seaters, three- and four-seaters, at which mechanics tinkered and tuned. Donley directed some of them, and I saw the red head of Kinvarra bent in an intent inspection.

Donley approached me and I saw Kinvarra straighten for a stare at me. Donley nodded to me coolly—very coolly—and cautioned the mechanic who unstrapped me, "Leave his hands as they are."

"How long has Bane been back?" I asked Donley, who debated before he decided to inform me:

"A little while."

"Miss Lacey with him?"

"Yes."

"Logan still here?"

"At the house," said Donley and returned to Kinvarra.

SHE considered me, with her dark eyelids drooped over her green irises.

MUCH more positively than yesterday these two impressed me as purely practical souls adhering to Bane because he had started something they would carry out as they pleased and for their own purposes and ends. No; nothing of the impractical about them. Bane had trained them and put into their hands tremendous engines of destruction, which they would employ for no fanciful revenge upon society, but for loot for themselves and their women.

I was thrust into an automobile and after three minutes arrived at the terrace, where, as yesterday, ladies lounged.

Sally Gessler arose from an inconspicuous seat in the shadow.

"So you're back," she said with some satisfaction; and the sight of her partly reassured me. "You must have been kept going."

"I've been moving," I agreed.

"Danced you, did they?"

"Is that what they call it? Yes; they did."

She considered me, with her dark eyelids, naturally heavy and languorous, drooped over her green irises, which were bright with excitement.

"You've had company most of the time?" she inquired. This, of course, was why she stopped me. She wanted to know whether Bane had kept me with him and with her rival.

"Not too much," I told her, and asked: "Where's Logan?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
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[FLYING DEATH Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

"He's inside," she replied. My guide pushed me toward the house, whither I proceeded readily enough after I had glanced through the open doorway.

Helen Lacey awaited me. Bane was not about; nor did she expect him suddenly to appear. For the moment she was free of him. She wanted the moment with me.

The imminence of the enterprise, which excited the others, terrified her. She had learned the plan.

She looked at me but did not speak to me. She said to my guard: "You may leave Lieutenant Carrick with me."

"I'm to put him with Lieutenant Logan," the man replied.

"Who told you?" she demanded.

"Mr. Donley; he said it was Mr. Bane's orders."

"That must have been before I saw Mr. Bane. He's just been here with me. You may leave Lieutenant Carrick with me."

At best, her situation with regard to Bane must have puzzled the mechanics and pilots quartered across the lake. It was none too plain to the pilots in the house. Everyone knew that Bane craved her praise and approval. Everyone knew she had certain influence with him. So the man modified his original intentions and let me accompany her into the library.

To be sure, he followed to the door and he made no move to unlock my hands. She did not risk the mistake of requesting it, but she did close the door upon him.

SHE glanced out of the window and what she saw held her fascinated in her fright.

She glanced out of the window and what she saw held her for a moment fascinated in her fright. With one hand she clasped my arm, with the other she pointed across the lake, where a crew was launching a seaplane.

"See! They've just changed another land machine into a seaplane! They're taking off all the wheels and putting on pontoons. They've decided on the ship attack; they're striking at sea!"

"When?"

"Tomorrow — early tomorrow morning."

"What are they striking? What ship?"

"He hasn't told me that. But it's the Wotan. I know. It's the Wotan! Here! Here's what it is!

Here's what it has aboard. It's making its maiden voyage, you know. Here!"

She picked up a newspaper, showed it to me and then spread it for me upon a table while I bent over to read.

The Wotan, just completed and the greatest and fastest ship on the water, was making its maiden trip. Fifty million it had cost. Ten thousand passengers it carried. It was bringing over Rem-

brandts, Rubenses, and Raphaels, for which the Metropolitan Museum had paid ten million. Ten million in stones from Amsterdam—emeralds, rubies, and Rand diamonds—was aboard. Twenty million more was in platinum and gold bullion.

The vessel was due at New York tomorrow noon.

I straightened, staring at Helen. I better understood Donley's and Kinvarra's caution with me. Forty million for the trouble of the taking. Five or ten million more, perhaps, if they bothered to despoil, personally, the passengers.

The airplane put the plan—almost any plan—within their power. With airplanes and bombs, and night to cover them, they could fly, and at dawn do whatever it pleased them to do—if no warning went before them.

"Where's your father?" I asked her and she winced.

"Here; but I haven't seen him. They won't let me. He's locked up."

"Logan's here?"

"He's locked up, too."

"Then they're locking me up?"

"That's it."

"That all?" I asked.

"All?" she echoed, and shivered. "What do you mean?"

"Did he bring me back just to imprison me here?"

"Yes. Mr. Bane's got some idea of his own about you," she said, suddenly tightening her clasp on my arm. "I was with him this morning, you know."

"I thought so," I told her. "Who was the third with you?"

"A new pilot he was bringing on from Chicago."

"Who danced me? Bane himself, wasn't it?"

She nodded, her little fingers

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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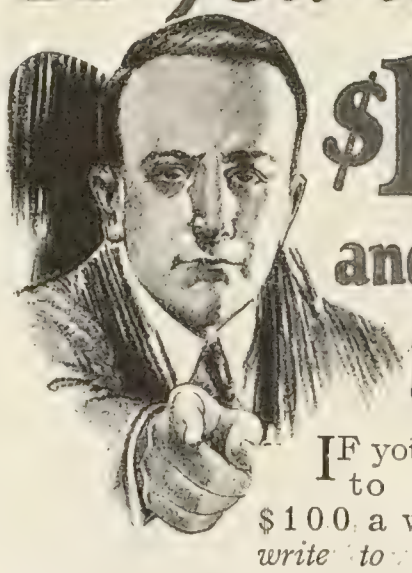

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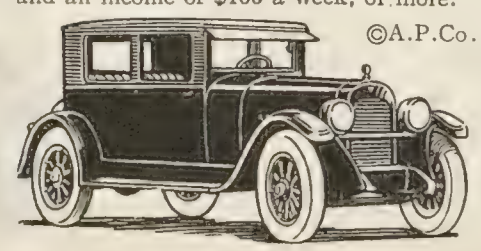

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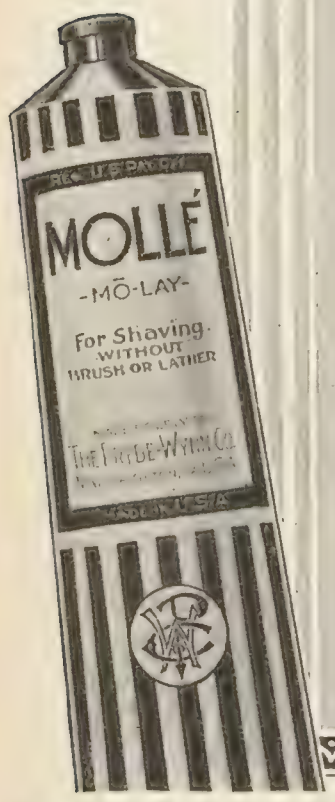

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[FLYING DEATH Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

clinging close. "I thought, once, he had killed you."

"I thought he might, by accident," I admitted. "But I didn't think he would purposely while you were with him."

"I begged for you, of course," she said. "I begged for you."

"I was sure you did."

"He let you off—but he'll not let off the ship! The rest of them mean simply to rob; they're after the diamonds and gold. But he—you've heard him."

"I've heard him," I said.

BANE flung back the door. The force and abruptness of it declared him before we saw him.

"Here you are!" he greeted me. "Had your little talk, have you?"

"We've had a little talk," I admitted.

"I was sending you," he mocked me by exaggerated deference in his manner, "up to your room to rest. You've been through a bit and you've rather more before you. You want rest. You'd better go to your room."

I stepped into the hallway with him. He was the stronger; the mechanic was there; also my hands were cuffed together with steel. The moment, however, probably offered my best chance of escape and I tried to take it, with the result that I was flung down, allowed to rise, and thereupon led to a little room in one of the rounded towers that presided over the lake.

The mechanic twisted at the band about my wrists and removed the cuffs before he left me. He merely locked me in and I was perfectly prisoned.

The door of the little room proved, upon investigation, to be of steel, grained like wood. The two windows were tall and stone mullions divided the panes into such narrow slits that no one possibly could press through.

THROUGH the tall slits between the mullions I inspected the lake and the bit of beach where wheels were being removed from monoplanes and pontoons put on. One by one, separately, to avoid show of many machines, the seaplanes rose, were tested, and returned.

Single-seaters and two-seaters with machine guns, they were. The great weight-carriers for the ton bombs were not hangared here. This place specialized in the combat and pursuit types and radio-controlled machines run by automatons.

These were the escorts and protectors of the bombing biplanes being mustered elsewhere.

How simply the airplanes could strike, with no warning given!

I thought, now, not of mere robbery and the seizure of the ship under the threat of bombs. I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

thought of the ton bombs poised under airplanes hovering above the ship—and of Bane's broken brain. I went again to the steel panels of the door. I went to the window and tried with my pocket knife to pick the mortar from between the stones of the mullions.

With my supper—I supposed they would send me supper—I might procure a better implement. But with my supper something different arrived.

A servant, accompanied by another who attended to the opening and fastening of the door, laid a tray and departed.

I sat at the little table, shaking out the napkin that lay on the tray, when, in the center of the clean white square of linen, three penciled numerals caught my eye: 18—35—21.

The figures were faint but freshly written, without blurring. They suggested to me a message.

Their interpretation at that moment was wholly puzzling, but their purpose seemed to me clearly to convey some information of special and highly personal significance. A girl had penciled them, I thought. They were large and flourishing figures with feminine twists; and, as I looked at them, I thought not of Helen Lacey but of Sally Gessler.

Of course I examined everything else on the tray and the tray itself; but nothing explained them.

THEY might be intelligence of the strength of airplane squadrons; they might refer to distances; they might apply to—anything. But whatever their interpretation, they meant that someone in the house was secretly scheming for me. And this someone I believed to be Sally Gessler.

I knew that Helen Lacey would help me if she could, and it might be that she had penciled these figures. But they attached in my mind to Sally and her particular sort of scheming against Bane.

I dampened the center of the napkin, obliterated the figures, and ate supper with better appetite than I would have believed possible a few minutes before.

The same servants who had brought the tray removed it, together with the tableware and the napkin, now innocent of numerals. Nothing else was sent me; no one else came.

The first hour of darkness continued like the day—airplanes pushed into the water, rose, and were tested; airscrews drummed and droned; lights streaked across the stars and the spread of wings eclipsed the constellations. But shortly after nine o'clock this ceased. The sky, the lake, the land became silent. Lights switched out. Everything and everyone was prepared for the enterprise of the morning.

I lay down, trying to picture the enterprise prevented. How? By a warning to Pete's and my seaplane squadron? What warning could reach them?

Probably they had found Pete's machine wrecked on the sea. They might have found his parachute also. So they had reported him lost after a parachute jump. Me they would have reported as lost, machine and all. Our disappearance must have puzzled them, but it would have given them no real warning.

TRYING to sleep, I succeeded at semiconsciousness only, when suddenly my door was opened, without any preliminary rap, by two men, who switched on the light and returned to me my own clothing.

"You're flying today. Put these on," one commanded me.

I obeyed and was led out under the stars. The time was three.

Women and men whispered and embraced on the terrace. I made out Mendell's voice and his wife's sobbing a good-by. I heard Sally Gessler speak; Boggs' reply. I listened and looked for Helen Lacey. She was not discoverable by me.

Pete spoke to me: "Hello!"

I answered and they pulled us farther apart, escorting him first to the pier.

Airplanes were rising from the lake. The darkness drummed with their drone. They put Pete in a boat and shoved me aboard another, which was rowed out to a moored monoplane. As I stood in the boat I heard Helen Lacey's voice:

"You said I'd be with you."

"You'll be with me," replied Bane.

"No!" This came in a cry of protest. It was not a reply to him. She was trying, helplessly, to stop something that was being done.

"You'll be all right," said Bane. "You'll come back—if I do."

She made no reply. A monoplane flew up from the water. Immediately another followed it.

I was thrust aboard the seaplane beside which I had been standing, and was lifted into the seat pit.

EXPECTING to have my hands cuffed behind me as yesterday, I grasped a control wheel in front of me. No one opposed this, except to shift my hands slightly, whereupon a steel clamp came down. Someone twisted a lock bar and secured me.

I yelled across the water to warn Pete, and a shout of his echoed to me. They had trussed us both, and, though a pilot remained with me, I knew it was only to take me into the air.

When he had me high over the lake, he leaped and I was alone again, flying with my hands clamped to a wheel that was only a dummy. It connected with no controls. The actual control was by radio.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[FLYING DEATH
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

I was swung to right, to left, lifted a little, and jerked left again. This did not feel like the "dancing" of yesterday. Other airplanes flew in front and behind me and on both sides. I was aware that I was being maneuvered to put me in alignment in some formation.

A plane passed me close; but I thought it was unintentional. It blundered by so stupidly, I was sure it also was run by radio. I saw a head and shoulders before the stars. It might have been another man, trussed like me. It might have been a wood and wax effigy. His head did not move and he had no guidance of his plane.

Someone, however, pulled him into position. The squadron straightened and flew toward the dawn. Not only the stars now gave direction. The east evidenced itself with a pallid promise of light. Eight machines composed the squadron in which I flew—eight monoplanes proceeding by pairs; for we held no real squadron formation. In front of me flew two machines—the one that had nearly hit me and another, which seemed to control it. Behind me was a machine which, I felt, piloted me. On my right, flew two similar pairs.

FOUR radio-controlled machines and four man-piloted monoplanes composed our squadron. At a distance to my left, and too dimly seen to be counted, flew another formation. We all flew fast. The early morning lights of New Jersey towns and cities twinkled below us, and before the east paled gray we picked up the glow of New York and passed it southward, putting out over the sea and holding Long Island on our left.

We were flying, relative to the air, five miles a minute, I estimated, and the drift of the sky favored us as I could witness from the smoke of steamers as we swept out to sea. It was not yet twenty minutes since we had risen from the lake in the hills and we were over the ocean in force, commanding the sky and the water with power to work whatever we wished.

Because the machines in my immediate squadron flew in four pairs, I supposed that the four subordinates of the luncheon table on the terrace were the pilots—Boggs and Donley, Mendell and Kinvarra. Bane was not in this formation, I believed. I was sure, at least, that he was not piloting me, for the impulses that swung me to right or left and increased or decreased the speed of my engine, to keep me in position, reached me in a manner unlike that of yesterday. Another hand held me. Others held Pete and the effigies in the other radio-con-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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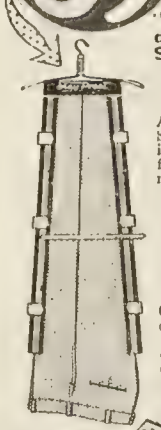

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

trolled machines. The dawn was displaying them to me.

In front of me flew, first, a monoplane with a dummy in the pilot's pit; behind it flew Boggs, I believed. On my right flew another effigy of a man; next Donley, I thought. Then flew Pete, cuffed and strapped. I guessed that Mendell controlled him and Kinvarra steered me. But I could feel, by the way we all were steered and shifted, that command was not in our squadron. Our whole formation obeyed orders from elsewhere. This "elsewhere" must be the squadron of six machines that had started the journey on our left, but that now was flying below us.

Rather, we had risen above this other squadron, which had held to a height of five thousand feet. We flew at eight thousand, I guessed.

Four of them were double- or triple-seaters; two seemed to be singles. One of the big machines was the flagship, undoubtedly. Bane was aboard it. Aboard it with him, *was she?*

In my ears, with the drum of the motors, was her cry that had come to me in the darkness on the lake:

"You said I'd be with you!"

"You'll be with me," said Bane.

"No!"

FROM the north emerged four larger machines—biplanes, with long, lozenge-like pendants below them. Bombers they were—the seaplanes bearing Bane's ton bombs of TNT. Their appearance caused only a slight shift of our course. Their timing was almost perfect for their appointment, Undoubtedly they talked by radio with our flagship; and after they joined us our speed decreased to theirs.

On the ocean lay a sharp, elliptical seed. The white wash of a wake declared that it moved, but its advance was so slow in comparison with ours that it seemed simply to lie on the sea and swell as we flew at it.

Toward it we leaped at three levels—the four bombing biplanes lowest; above them the squadron of six; then we. Swiftly, in the magic manner of objects approached by airplane, the seed expanded and lengthened and stood out of the water until it became a ship. A minute more and it was no mere ordinary ship. Longer and wider and higher out of the ocean it grew until it became, beyond doubt, the Wotan on her maiden voyage—the greatest vessel on the seas!

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The Clergy Ties 'Em Tighter

An Answer to the Old Divorce Problem

An Article by
Eileen Bourne

MARRIAGE was created for the benefit of woman.

DIVORCE has become such a recognized factor in the modern world, especially in America, that a recent statement by the Department of Commerce prophesying 200,000 divorces this year is received much more calmly than the results of a mediocre prize fight.

Yet a few statistics published in the Washington dispatch which carried the prophecy would have brought on a storm of alarm and suggested panaceas a few years ago.

For instance, the Department of Commerce exhibits figures showing that last year 180,000 couples were divorced, while 171,000 mates parted in the courts in 1924.

And while divorce increases, marriage wanes. Only about 1,140,000 couples went to the altar last year, a decrease of nearly 40,000 marriages from the 1924 total of 1,178,200.

America, as a whole, has ceased "viewing with alarm" the increasing number of divorce symptoms betraying the marital unrest of this nation, which threatens what the wise men for ages have decided was the foundation of all human society—the family.

If the family really is the backbone of the race, the community, and the nation, may it not be construed then that these three are doomed and there will either be a substitute or we shall go the way of other ultra prosperous and luxurious nations—into oblivion?

Let us accept this construction for the time being and, having decided just exactly where we are going on the road of divorce, it wouldn't be a bad idea to inquire why we are on this road at all.

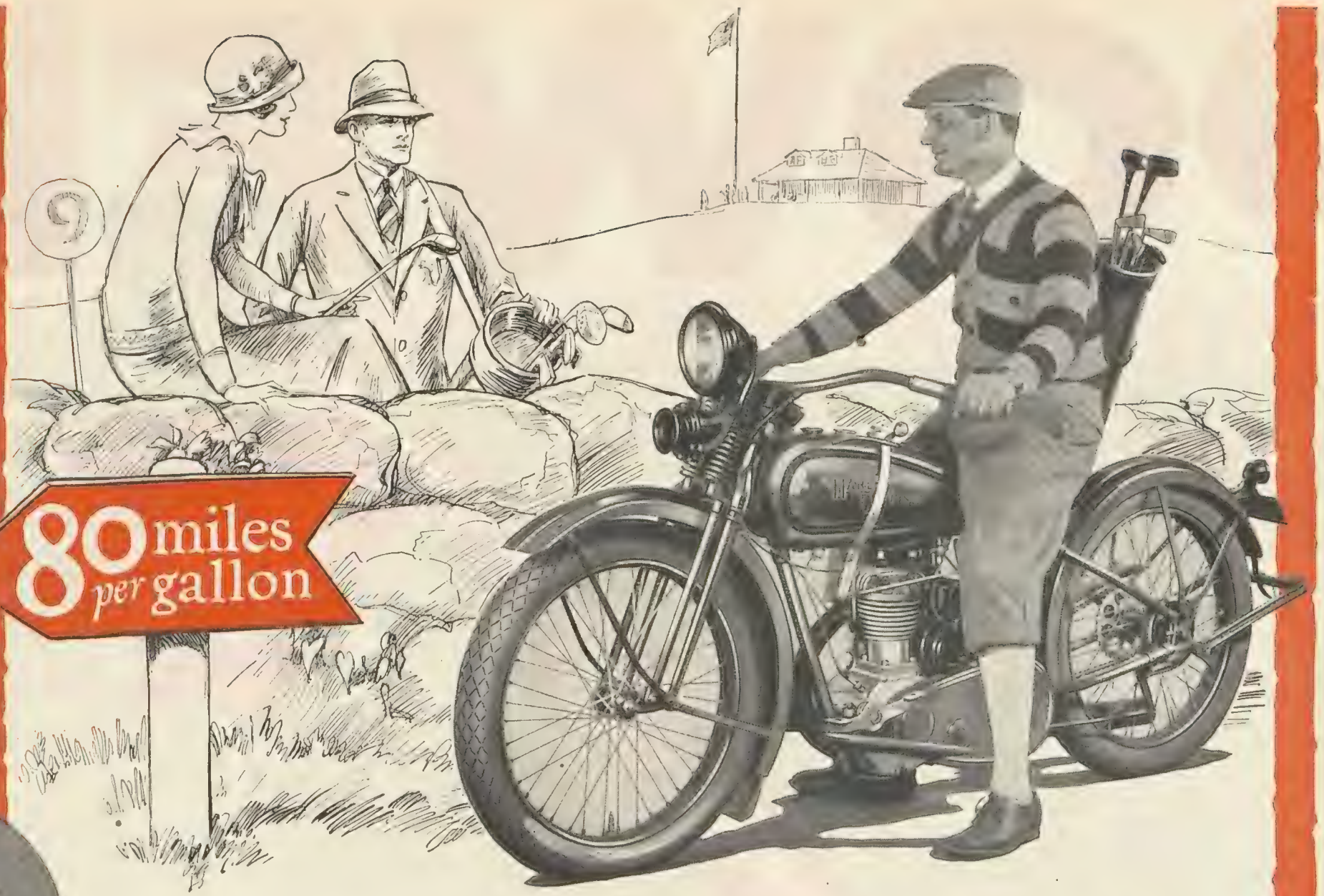
Why is divorce increasing?

There have been as many reasons advanced as there have been persons to give them, but out of the welter has come a certain unanimity of opinion as to the causes of divorce. This has come from judges, lawyers, and clergymen, the three professions most interested in marriage, its uses, abuses, and its frequent wrecks.

Replies to questionnaires, sent out by the editor of the national weekly organ of the United Lutheran Church in America to 2,500 clergymen of that sect, declared that the great majority of the unhappy partners in wedlock either never went to a clergyman or else they were strangers to the clergyman who married them.

"The quickly parted couples," the observation ran, "are those who feel no ties of residence in the community in which they live. All these couples want, it is concluded, is to comply with law and custom. They drive up to the office of a justice of the peace or county

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]



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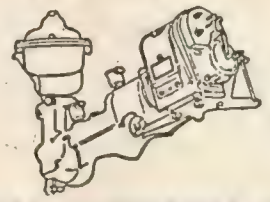

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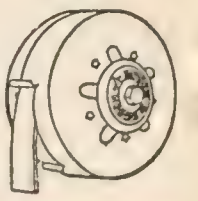

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

clerk, take the vows prescribed for a marital partnership, and then drive away.

"What cause have these wanderers to think that either has considered the obligation of matrimony, when a roadside incident is the scene of the contract in which each promises to abide until 'death us do part'?

"There is a great deal of significance in the fact that four-fifths of the wrecks of hope for happiness are unknown to clergymen. It is the civil marriage and the clandestine ceremonies that do not bind. Our figures show that the terrible prevalence of divorce is in circles indifferent to religion."

THIS last paragraph contains the meat of the whole matter. Indifference to religion, with the accompanying willingness to use any substitute for the clergyman the last generation considered necessary to make a marriage binding, is the main and underlying cause of the complacent attitude toward divorce and the rapid increase of marriages that "don't take."

Marriage is, first of all, a religious institution. It was created for the benefit of woman and for the protection of the home.

For the last decade particularly, women, having that disregard for responsibility that comes from loss of religion, have failed to teach their daughters the duty of a wife to a husband and that of a mother to a home. Modern children are given everything within the means of their parents. They are not asked to do anything in return, and are not trained in duty. When a girl brought up this way marries, she brings no sense of duty or responsibility with her. She just does not possess it. The material aspects of marriage are frequently taught her to be the only considerations worth while.

Up to the last generation the church was second only to home in woman's life. It was often her only social diversion. From altar and pulpit she heard of her duty to her husband, her children, and her home. About her the world was filled with women who heard the same thing, a world that frowned on divorce as an evil second only to out-and-out immorality.

With her embarkation on the sea of an independent career, woman came under influences that fought the religious influence for supremacy. These new influences were material. In their wake was luxury. With luxury came a weakening of her religious impulse. And the weakening of her religious impulse was followed by a deadening of her sense of responsibility. Marriage, as a result, is what you find it today.

P. & A. Photos

Rice showers which deluged a New York honeymoon couple.

The children, to whom woman owes her duty, are the sufferers.

Judges, studying the problem of divorce, approach it from an angle different from that of the clergyman. A clergyman attacks any human problem from the viewpoint of man's relation to God; a judge from the viewpoint of man's relation to other men, or its probable effect on society. Here is what two thousand judges say, raising voices from that many different sections of this country:

The New Freedom, they hold, is mainly responsible for divorce. This entails everything, from economic independence to the high speed in which we move in this modern world, including weak husbands, strong wives; complacent husbands, restless wives; bewildered husbands, conscienceless wives; brutal husbands and wives who walk out on them.

Woman has learned that she doesn't have to take the abuse her grandma did. When she gets fed up on it, she can walk out and get a job just around the corner. And she is walking—when she isn't galloping—to her job and freedom. If there isn't any real abuse and she wants to walk out, she can easily invent some excuse that will pass muster before a court in some of our States.

Undoubtedly, when marriage was her only occupation, woman suffered a certain amount of ill treatment and a very decided lower status than her husband. On the whole, though, she was more contented in spirit than she is today. If, in the old days, women bore with too much, nowadays they bear with too little.

Woman has sacrificed the respect and veneration in which the old world was wont to hold her for the warm feeling around the cockles of her heart when she fondles her pay envelope. And she not only tells her husband so at the first opportunity, but at the slightest protest or bluster on his part she tells the judge and the pop-eyed world.

Woman has evolved into the light of the sun that shines on a world filled with luxuries. Gazing upon it from the height of her new freedom, she is being asked to choose between individual happiness and independence and her duty to the race as a wife and mother. And woman is choosing the rewards of the individual. If she is scrapping a world-old institution which was created and designed for her own protection—that, she reminds you, is her own lookout. On her head be it!

COMMON ownership of men and women has been demonstrated a failure in Russia. Switching mates, in our own country, has not proved a panacea for individual restlessness.

However, there is an optimistic lining to the ominous divorce cloud. Even in this materialistic day marriage is more often approached in a religious spirit than otherwise. Churches are by far the most numerous scenes of weddings.

And as the Lutheran clergy pointed out in their answers a very small percentage of the 180,000 dissolved marriages had their beginnings in a church.

Also, there is still a large army that buckles on its Sunday armor to listen to words of duty.

To them, babies will go on being born—which is really all that matters.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene upon which you need the advice of an expert? Perhaps your figure is too heavy or too thin. You may want to know how to get that enviable sheen on your hair; how to shampoo it properly. How to clear your complexion of blemishes. How to have lovely teeth, and beautiful but useful hands.

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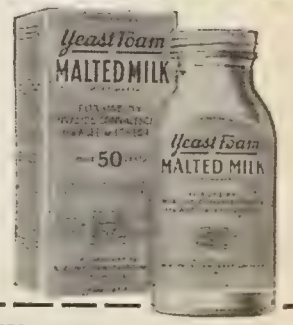

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Mrs. Grace McCabe, Fairfield, Iowa, winner of Third Prize.

Miss Lena B. Millen, Chicago, Ill., winner of Fourth Prize.

Miss Mary E. Garr, Kokomo, Ind., winner of Fifth Prize.

THIRD Prize of $500 in Liberty's Patriotic Game of Presidents goes to Mrs. Grace McCabe, 806 South Seventh Street, Fairfield, Iowa.

Mrs. McCabe is a graduate of Parsons College at Fairfield, wife of a truck farmer, and the mother of five children, two of whom are in college. She enlisted the services of her whole family and made excellent use of histories and biographies in the public library at Fairfield in solving the picture problems.

Miss Lena B. Millen, 10330 Throop Street, Chicago, Illinois, has been awarded Fourth Prize of $250. She is chief of the stenographic staff in the office of the Corporation Counsel in Chicago and intends to use the prize money as a payment on a new home. Miss Millen said she studied the eyes of the Presidents and clews obtained in this manner brought her success.

Miss Mary E. Garr, 409 North Union Street, Kokomo, Indiana, is the winner of the Fifth Prize of $200. She is a bookkeeper in the Howard County Auto Company at Kokomo, and spent many evenings working out the identities of the Presidents.

Here are the remainder of the $10 winners in Liberty's Presidents Game:

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The Surprise Bridal Shower Luncheon

By ETHEL SOMERS

IT is surprising what charming effects may be created with the artistic treatment of bits of crepe paper. And perhaps there is no better or more willing subject than the June bride, who in the rush of her plans finds everything "adorable."

The Bridal Shower Luncheon is most fitting and effective; nor is it difficult to accomplish, if one serves familiar foods touched up and arrayed in a festive setting, for then the luncheon becomes most attractive.

Lily-of-the-valley permits a dainty and simple effect in green and white.

A single upright floral spray topped with a miniature paper wedding bell solves the place-card problem. A wired arch adorned with climbing vines and bell-like lily blossoms may form an arch triumphal for a miniature wedding procession, with the tiny bride garbed in white paper and a lace veil.

Further enhanced with a delightful luncheon menu, course by course, the Surprise Bridal Shower Luncheon achieves a memorable success long remembered by all and ever cherished by the guest of honor.

MENU

Strawberry Baskets
Ham Mousse Savory Sauce
Fan Potatoes Frozen Tomato Salad
Iced Tea
Ice-Cream Croquettes Caramel Sauce

ALL set for the first course of the Bridal Shower Luncheon. Lily-of-the-valley, the bride's own flower, lends itself beautifully to the decoration.

Strawberry Baskets

Makes 12 to 15 baskets

¾ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
⅝ cup milk
1 egg
1 tablespoon melted butter or oil

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Combine the beaten egg, milk, and melted fat. Beat with a mechanical egg-beater until well mixed. The batter should be perfectly smooth. Heat some lard, oil, or vegetable fat for deep frying in a small kettle. The fat should be deep enough to cover the iron. Place the timbale iron (preferably heart-shaped) in the hot fat and heat it for several minutes. Remove the heated iron from the fat, dip it into the batter to a depth of ¾ inch.

If the iron has been heated to the right temperature the batter will cling to the form; if too cold the batter will run off, and if too hot the batter will fry and drop off. Regulate the heat until the iron is just right, then shake off the clinging fat, immerse the iron in the batter to a ¾ inch depth, lift from the batter, let drain for a few seconds and then immerse in the hot fat—make sure that the fat cooks over the top of the iron and fills the center, as otherwise the center will not be cooked.

When the case is browned sufficiently, slip it off the iron and repeat the process. Should the edges be ragged from irregular dipping, cut them off even with shears before they cool and crisp. When the timbales are thoroughly drained on paper, fill with fresh, washed, iced strawberries coated with powdered sugar, and serve.

Ham Mousse

1½ cups cooked ham, chopped
2 egg whites
2 egg yolks
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon paprika
½ cup whipping cream
½ cup thin cream

CHOP the ham. Add the well beaten egg yolk to the ham and seasonings. Mix well and add the thin cream. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and whipped cream. Turn into individual molds, set in a pan of hot water, cover each mold with waxed paper tied over the top, and bake in a slow oven (300° F.) until firm, about thirty minutes. Decorate the mold with pimento strips before the meat mixture is added. Turn out on a hot platter and garnish with sauce.

Savory Sauce

2 cups milk
3 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Chopped mushrooms for garnish, if desired
Pimento strips

MELT the butter in a saucepan. Remove from the fire and blend in the flour. When smooth gradually stir in the milk. Cook directly over the fire, stirring constantly until thickened. Add the seasonings and cook over water for from ten to fifteen minutes before serving. Garnish with mushrooms or pimento strips, as desired.

Fan Potatoes

4 potatoes
12 toothpicks
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup fat (drippings or butter)
Deep fat for frying

SCRUB the potatoes, peel, and cut lengthwise into slices ¼ inch thick. Cut into strips ¼ inch wide. Fasten five of these strips together at one end with wooden toothpicks. Spread the open end fan shape and parboil for ten minutes. Drain thoroughly, spread in an open roasting-pan. Baste with the melted fat and bake in a hot oven (400° F.) until tender, or for about twelve minutes, basting from time to time. Sprinkle with salt and serve hot.

Frozen Tomato Salad

2 cups tomatoes stewed (fresh or canned)
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Lettuce
French or mayonnaise dressing

SEASON the tomatoes with the sugar, salt, and pepper. Strain through a sieve, rubbing the pulp through. Pour into a mold (individual or family size), cover the mold with waxed paper and a tight cover to prevent leakage. Pack in an ice-and-salt mixture (3 to 1) and let stand for three hours. Dip *very* quickly in and out of hot water, remove the cover, turn out the mold, and serve, or slice and serve, on lettuce garnished with the dressing. For a richer salad fold 2 cups of whipped cream into the tomato mixture when it is half frozen and repack.

Ice-Cream Croquettes

SHAPE homemade ice cream into croquette shapes (this may be done before the meal is served and the shapes wrapped in waxed paper and packed in a covered mold in an ice-and-salt mixture, or at the time of service). Roll until coated in coconut that has been browned in a hot oven. Serve with Caramel Sauce (hot or cold).

Caramel Sauce

¼ cup butter
1 cup brown sugar
2 eggs
½ cup cream or milk

MIX the butter, sugar, and egg yolks. Beat until well blended and slowly stir in the hot milk or cream. Cook over hot water until thickened, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Pour the sauce over the beaten egg whites, beat smooth, and serve over the ice-cream croquettes.

Ice Cream

1 cup cream (25 per cent)
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon cornstarch
⅜ cup sugar
1½ teaspoons vanilla

MIX the cornstarch with the sugar until well blended. Slowly stir in the hot milk and boil five minutes. Cook over water ten minutes more. Cool, add the cream and vanilla, and freeze by packing and churning in a freezer can surrounded with a 6-to-1 mixture of ice and salt. Remove the dasher from the freezer, repack with an 8-to-1 ice-and-salt mixture. Let ripen for at least an hour.

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Reviews of the Latest Movies by ALVA TAYLOR

THE MIDNIGHT SUN
Directed by Dimitri Buchowetzki — A Universal Picture

THE CAST:

Olga Balashova	*Laura La Plante*
Grand Duke Sergius	*Pat O'Malley*
Alexei Orloff	*Raymond Keane*
Ivan Kusmin	*George Siegmann*
Yessky	*Arthur Hoyt*

OLD LOVES AND NEW
Directed by Maurice Tourneur — A First National Picture

THE CAST:

Gervas Carew	*Lewis Stone*
Marny	*Barbara Bedford*
Lord Clyde Geradine	*Walter Pidgeon*
Lady Elinor Carew	*Katherine McDonald*
Hosein	*Tully Marshall*

A SOCIAL CELEBRITY
Directed by Malcolm St. Clair — A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Max Haber	*Adolphe Menjou*
Kitty Laverne	*Louise Brooks*
April King	*Elsie Lawson*
Ten Eyck Stuyvesant	*Roger Davis*
Forrest Abbot	*Hugh Huntley*

GOT sore eyes? Then here's a cure—The Midnight Sun, a spectacular drama of prewar Russia, which doesn't show much of Russia, but gives a pretty good idea of how gorgeous were the uniforms worn by Grand Dukes and their aides. The sore-eye medicine for the ladies is Pat O'Malley, grand and glorious, mustached and handsome, as the Grand Duke, and a newcomer to the screen, Raymond Keane, who plays the juvenile lead.

Laura La Plante

For the afflicted orbs of the gentlemen, there is Laura La Plante, scintillating blonde, who in the ballet scenes displays great beauty of limbs, wearing little more than a few yards of slave chains. She is the "midnight sun," American prima ballerina of the Imperial Ballet of St. Petersburg. She doesn't know that her advancement from the ranks is due to the interest of Kusmin, Russia's most powerful banker, whose name is law to theater managers. Only the Grand Duke Sergius does not kotow to Kusmin.

The Grand Duke, as well as the banker, takes a fancy to the "midnight sun." Olga, being a tactful and wise young ballerina, accepts the favors of both her admirers, but gives her heart to neither. This is reserved for the handsome Alexei, a young newly made officer in the personal guard of the Grand Duke.

Alexei's brother is a red. When he is arrested, Olga secures his release from the Duke. But in return she pays the latter a visit. Alexei, on duty that night, does not understand. He makes so bold as to slap the Grand Duke in the face, whereupon, since this is an unheard-of insult to a Grand Duke, he is arrested and condemned to be shot at dawn.

Olga spends the rest of the picture attending to his rescue. The audience then is treated to one of the good old, last-second, stop-the-execution situations. The Grand Duke nobly yields the girl to her sweetheart. And then—romantic fade-out.

Raymond Keane

The latter part of the picture is rather too familiar in its situations. There is much that is good in the first half. It's a luxuriously set picture, built on a large scale and generously sprinkled with dramatic scenes that may grip your imagination. There is humor, too.

You'd hardly recognize Pat O'Malley. He makes it quite clear in this part that he's a darn good movie actor and that an Irishman can look very much as you imagine a Russian Grand Duke looks. Though this is by no means a great picture, it's entertaining, and you might as well see it.

ONCE upon a time, dear children (well, not so long ago—it was during the war), there was an English lord whose name was Gervas Carew. Now, this gentleman had a beautiful wife and a little baby, of whom he was very, very proud. Well, one day he had to go back to the war, and when he came home again he found that his beautiful wife had run away and that his baby was dead.

Of course, this broke his spirit considerably, and so he took his broken heart to the great open spaces of Africa.

And it seems that there was a charming young Lady Geradine, who had married

Lewis Stone

another English lord, Clyde Geradine. This lord was the man for whom Lady Carew had left her happy home, but he fooled her and married Marny instead.

But Marny didn't know what an unkind husband Clyde would turn out to be.

Here is where the new love comes in: Lord Carew and Marny love each other, but Lord Geradine will not release her. This sad state of affairs continues until many reels have passed, when the wicked husband is conveniently done away with in melodramatic style by a thoughtful elephant.

Yes, the whole thing is extremely melodramatic, and it is also extremely stupid. Some day the producers themselves are going to weary of the sands of the desert, and they won't offer us stuff like this movie, taken from The Desert Healer, from the pen of the authoress of The Sheik. Not that an occasional picture with camels and sheik robes and Arabs isn't acceptable movie fare. But there's got to be a more original story than is in Old Loves and New, which hasn't even got the romantic appeal of The Sheik.

However, the cast is good, and the direction, outside of admitting a few subtitles too many, is beyond reproach. Barbara Bedford has always been a favorite of mine, and I guess many of you feel the same way.

If you go to this picture and don't like it, please remember that I didn't recommend it to you.

IT all goes to show that if you are a good barber you ought to stick to it and not try to be a social lion. Max Haber (Adolphe Menjou) was the best barber in his small town. And he was proud of it, and would have been willing to stick by the old barber pole, if it hadn't been for Kitty and her ambitions. Kitty (Louise Brooks) was the manicurist in the Haber barber shop until the call of New York came to her ears. She left the shop, nail file and all, and embarked upon the glittering career of a cabaret girl. Not that she didn't love the best barber in town, but she thought that if she put a bee or so in his bonnet he might go to New York with ambitions, and be something better in the social scale than the best barber in town.

Adolphe Menjou

Well, he went to New York, and he became a social celebrity, but it turned out in the end that it was better to be the b. b. in t. than any number of social successes, when the rest of the social set knew that you were by profession a barber.

Max's New York career consisted of old stuff in movies. He was launched into the social swirl by someone who wanted to contribute a French count to Mrs. King's dinner party. That dowager, being one to whom a title is the breath of life itself, welcomed this perfectly groomed and charming barber (she didn't know this) to her drawing-room and the privilege of wooing her daughter to share his mythical ancestral estates.

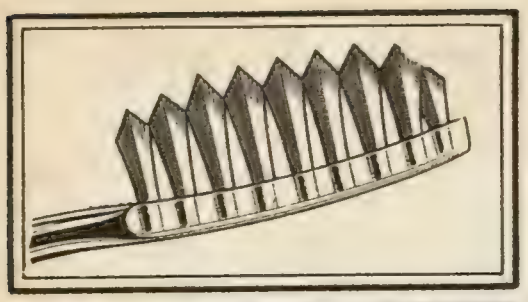
But after the barber, in his borrowed clothes, had played around with the social set for a while (keeping his engagements in the hotel barber shop at the same time), word leaked out that as a social success the count was a better barber, and he was treated to a sample of how uninterested Mrs. Kings and their daughters can be in hair-cutters as husbands or even friends.

Louise Brooks

And so it was back to the old home town and the barber pole for Max. But Kitty, also disillusioned, went with him.

I always go to a Menjou and a Malcolm St. Clair picture with great expectations of having a highly entertaining time. I must confess to being a little disappointed in A Social Celebrity. It certainly is not the best these two can do. Still, it is not the worst.

There is some value in this picture, and although I wouldn't go so far as to say that you mustn't miss it, I won't suggest that you stay away.



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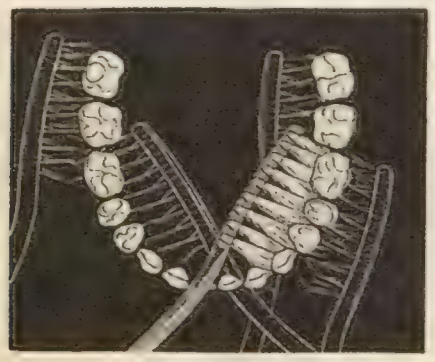

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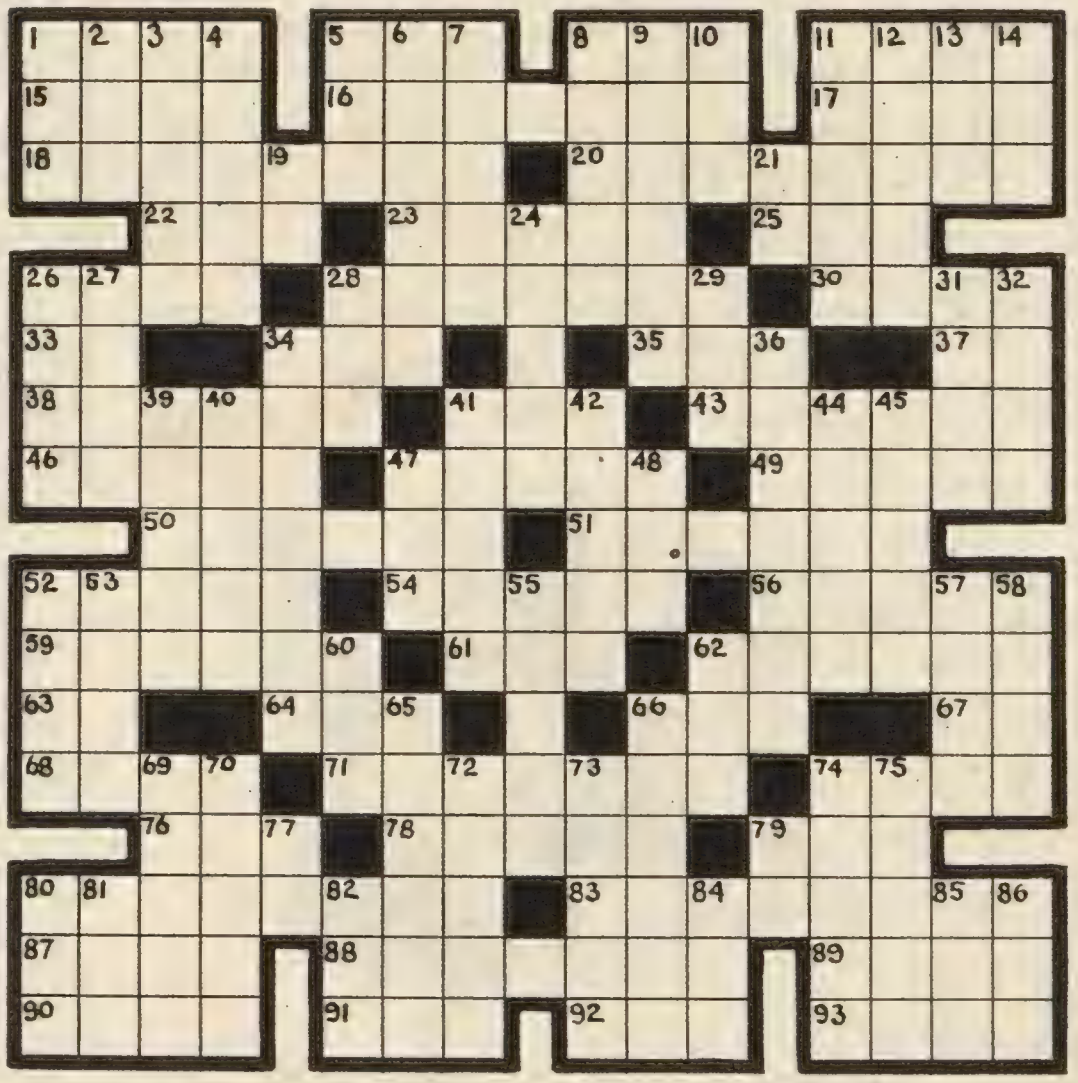
THIS is a tricky one! It will send most of the customers scurrying to their dictionaries. If not, they can decorate themselves with the Order of Cross-Word Puzzlers, first class; an honor not lightly regarded among the elite of the erudite craft.

Speaking of dictionaries, we opine that their publishers have probably never seen a more hustling business in the useful articles, especially those of a size called "pocket." And the attaches of public libraries who are employed to keep the books in usable condition complain that they are overworked.

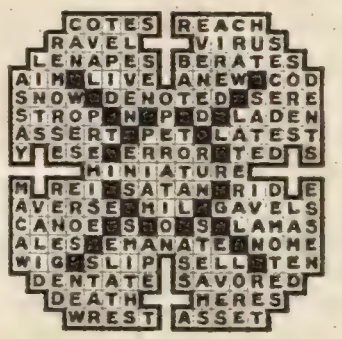


HORIZONTAL

1 Falls into error
5 A portion of a curved line
8 To regret extremely
11 A tube
15 Subject to argument
16 Conducting
17 Afresh
18 Dregs
20 A thread or string for tying blood vessels
22 Antiquity
23 Apportioned
25 A pronoun
26 Self-possessed
28 Reads
30 Half or partly
33 An exclamation
34 A canine
35 To weep convulsively
37 A measure of type
38 A form of oxygen (plural)
41 The thigh of an animal prepared for food
43 Annoyed
46 One of the Disciples
47 Storage place for fodder (plural)
49 The aforesaid thing
50 A maker of garments
51 To regard with profound respect
52 Prophets
54 A nut
56 To interlace into a fabric
59 Resolves a sentence into its elements
61 To expel moisture
62 Closely united
63 A preposition
64 Yellow ocher
66 A small child
67 To pass from one spot to another
68 A monarch
71 Elementary textbooks for reading instruction
74 A unit of weight
76 A prefix denoting through
78 A stringed instrument
79 To observe
80 Quivered
83 Uttered with a hissing sound
87 Mature
88 A hermit
89 A notion
90 Takes nourishment
91 An equine quadruped
92 A point of the compass
93 A colorer of fabrics

VERTICAL

1 Printers' measures
2 Fish spawn
3 A round-up
4 Yet
5 A malt liquor
6 To cause to be or to become
7 To pander
8 Small brooks
9 Joins
10 To urge on
11 Part of the head (plural)
12 To habituate
13 By
14 A sheep
19 A medical degree
21 An exclamation
24 Pertaining to the sense of hearing
26 A cut of meat
27 To percolate
28 Discharge from a wound
29 An inebriate
31 Confront
32 A combining form meaning Indian
34 A bright red color (plural)
36 Moistened as with dew
39 A fish-eating animal
40 Approaches
41 Rented
42 A fish of the eel kind
44 Ventilated
45 Place which another has or might have
47 Something given to pacify
48 A Japanese coin
52 A place discolored
53 Brings forth young
55 A creed
57 Brightest star in the constellation Lyra
58 Another name for Esau
60 A title of respect
62 A form of to be
65 Device used with a fulcrum (plural)
66 Characteristics
69 One especially skilled in anything
70 Correspondence of terminal sounds in words
72 Military assistants
73 A feminine proper name
74 Frozen
75 Prepared
77 A college degree
79 A note of the scale
80 The Italian word for three
81 A long narrow inlet
82 A meadow
84 An insect
85 Born
86 Thick viscous substance distilled from plants



Answer to Puzzle No. 69

WLIB Radio Fans

Ask for Simplified Music and School Talks

WHAT would you like best to hear over the radio? Liberty invites suggestions for better programs. Ten dollars will be paid to the writer of every letter printed.

The station WLIB broadcasts from Chicago and is so powerful that it reaches all parts of the country. It operates on a wave length of 302.8 meters. Why not put your own ideas on the air?

$10 for Every Letter Printed

SIMPLIFIED MUSIC

Dear Sir: How about an occasional program of simplified classical music for the younger children? It gives one such a marvelous feeling to hear a famous piece, however simple, and then go to the piano and play the same thing oneself!

Could not interesting anecdotes and stories of the composers be told, also, and, for good measure, the story of the music itself—what it is supposed to represent? I remember how my little pupils used to love that part of their lessons.

BERTHA F. JEWELL.
5 Fells Road, Wellesley, Mass.

HOME AND SCHOOL

Dear Editor: Why not try to bridge the gap between the home and the school? This can be accomplished through the radio and I suggest that a period be set aside every week for the discussion of problems that confront the parent and the school. These talks should be given by educators who are familiar with the Parent Teacher Association idea. More co-operation will be obtained and the ultimate result will be bigger and better men for democracy.

ALBERT T. JORDAN.
324 N. Apple Street, Dunmore, Pa.

ENGINEERING TALKS

Dear Editor: I would suggest that the broadcaster from Station WLIB give a series of talks on "Engineering and Engineers of Today." There are many who think they know what an engineer really is and just what is connected with his work, but in reality they haven't the slightest conception of what engineering really covers. The broadcaster can bring attention to the real work of the engineer, and the methods of constructing the different projects in the various branches of engineering.

MORRIS BALBRESKY.
N. J. State Highway Dept., Trenton, N. J.

SPORT REVIEWS

Dear Editor: Why not add a weekly review of the important sporting events to the programs at WLIB? Every man, and a large percentage of women, are intensely interested in sports. A weekly talk by a sports editor or expert, giving an account of the leading contests and their significance, would be appreciated by many. The results of sporting events are often announced but good, snappy sport talks are few.

F. W. GEER.
1121 Ivy Street, Crete, Neb.

WRITE TO
Radio Editor, Liberty,
P.O.Box 380, Grand Central
Station, New York, N.Y.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

PUBLIC SPIRITED TAXI DRIVERS do their bit to aid New York civic societies with problems of relieving housing shortage and the redistribution of population.

ALL THAT THE HEART COULD DESIRE fulfilled by recent perfection of a device for the synchronization of sound with films, enabling fans to see Rudolph Valentino sing Mother Machree with John McCormack's voice.

AUTHORITIES KILL MOTORISTS' LAST HOPE: " No Parking " signs being placed over water-holes in the Sahara Desert, recently opened up to motor traffic by caterpillar tractors.

SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF EVERYTHING presents U. S. Attorney Emory R. Buckner with his 1,000,000th padlock in solid gold.

(Right) STAGGER SYSTEM, allowing only five Senators in Senate Chamber at a time, inaugurated in Capitol to make room for the daily output of new laws.

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

Smart Selections *for the* Woman Who Sews

By PATRICIA

THE slim line is the smart woman's ideal. Perfection, both of design and detail, lends real distinction to the delightful models illustrated. Take advantage of these lovely designs and have some of your frocks made at home.

Particularly smart is design No. 2713 developed in filmy chiffon. Very fashionable, too, is black taffeta, georgette crepe in the new raspberry shade, crisp taffeta in chartreuse, finished with a transparent footing, or white chiffon with the deep V neck banded with sequins and the narrow girdle made of sequins. The pattern for this charming model comes in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3 yards of 36-inch material.

A smart and comfortable model for street and sports wear is expressed in design No. 2726. The skirt is widened by godets. French jersey, Dunwoodie crepe, novelty soft woolen fabric, flat silk crepe, rajah silk, or linen is a good medium. The pattern comes in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material, with ¼ yard of 30-inch contrasting.

For youngsters of 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years, a pretty frock is shown in design No. 2652. Developed in candy striped English broadcloth, small floral patterns in tub silk, chambray, challis, gingham, or pongee, it is smart and practical. The 8-year size requires 1⅝ yards of 40-inch material, with ⅝ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

PATRICIA PATTERNS
P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find.....cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

PATTERN NO.	SIZE	PRICE

NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY.....STATE.....

HOW TO ORDER PATRICIA PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia Patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Design No. 2718 illustrates a simple dress with flaring hemline for the little miss of 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. It is made of dainty swiss. Organdie is used for the collar and tie. This design will interest mother because it is easy to make. Percale, linen, chiffon voile, gingham, tub silk, dimity, or wool jersey is also appropriate. The 8-year size requires 1⅞ yards of 32-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

A smart yoke effect is given to the smock illustrated. Crepe de Chine, georgette, pongee, chambray, striped rayon, or gingham is smart. Design No. 2721 cuts in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material, with ¼ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

Printed georgette crepe in large floral pattern combines crisp taffeta for trimming effect in design No. 2720. A new note of fashion is the attractive sash that ties in front. For country and beach wear choose washable flat crepe, shantung, crepe de Chine, chiffon voile, or linen. The pattern is furnished in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material, with 1 yard of 22-inch contrasting.

The Young Folks *Set the* Fashions!

By

Mary Brush Williams

THIS dress is developed in deep red tussah, and has a wide box plait at front, back, and sides. Trimmed in cherry-printed white crepe Roma and cherry ribbon.

HERE are some of the latest Parisian styles from off the side lines of the Avenue du Bois.

A group of women were laughing patronizingly and talking about how the children were imitating the flapper and their elders in general in the matter of dress.

Of course that attitude on the part of elders only proves one thing, which is that the elders don't know what they are talking about. Imitation nothing! Les enfants do not follow, but set and lead the styles!

For sheer sophistication commend me to a French miss of some twelve summers. We all know that in the young coquette's wardrobe there are two-piece dresses consisting of jumper with skirt, also ensembles, just like mamma's. (Only mamma's is like hers, the little one having obtained hers first!)

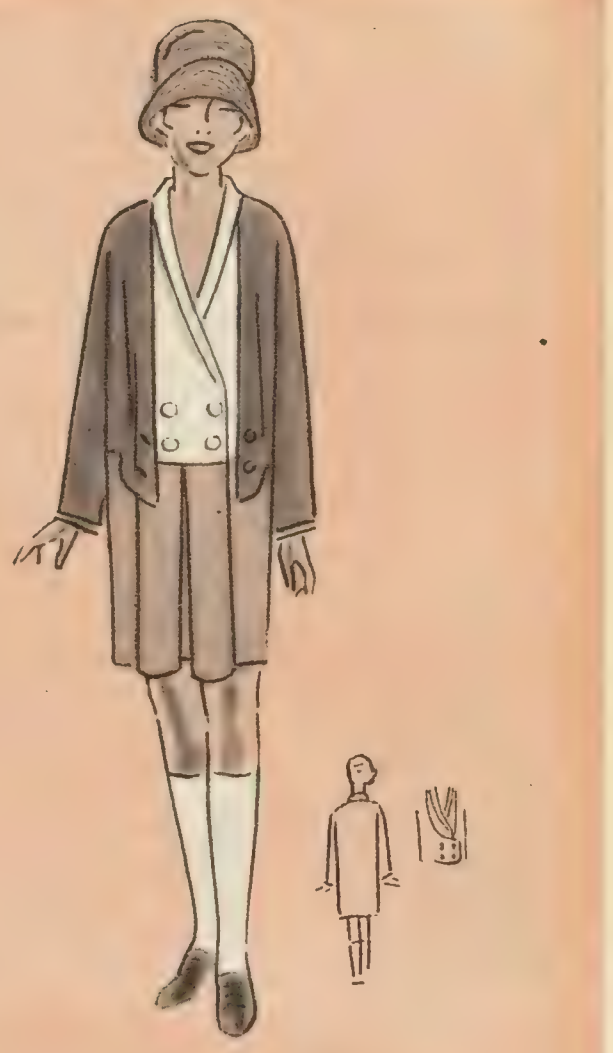
Anyway, both wardrobes are assembled with equal subtlety, each having coats that may be delicately played up by dresses audaciously contrasting with them, as well as those illusively matching by the device of having not the color itself but a different shading. Naturally the several dresses the ensemble coats are to do service with are carefully chosen.

It is nice to have your ensemble of wool, so very soft, with a little of the down powdering over it and the faintly twilled weave of the material showing through. Bois de rose is a good color, with beige silk for a lining.

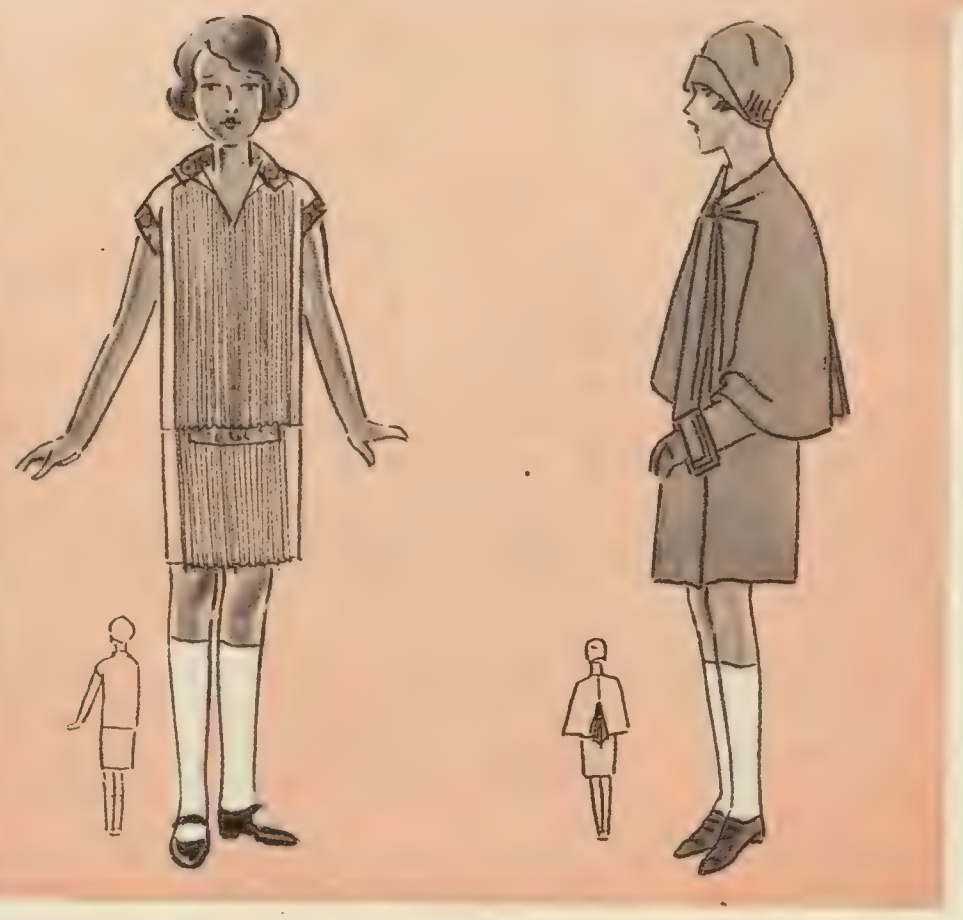
The little short-sleeved, straight-silhouetted frock, with the plaited skirt that goes with it, is beautifully wearable for dress-up without any coat at all. If the dress exactly matches the coat, it is clever to have the long blouse effect, on which the box-plaited skirt is sewed, of bois de rose silk.

One of the tricks for getting beige into the dress is to make the under side of the box plaits in that color.

An ensemble coat independent enough in color and movement to stand alone, irrespective of the dress it is made with, will accompany any or all of the following: A silk smock with flowers matching the wrap, and washable; a few more smocks of something white and washable; one or two others of silk, gayly contrasting with the coat in color, and washable. (Always washable!) That is what we mean by an ensemble more subtle than one that matches. This outfit, with a sprinkling perhaps of soft lawns and organdies and dimities, finely plaited, delicately ruffled, prettily embroidered by the expert hand of the French, for social occasions, ought to get any miss through a long, hard summer, whatever her obligations are to be punctiliously groomed.



WITH the latest bolero effect in front, this dress of bois de rose kasha is given an added smart touch by the addition of a starched white vestee.



A WHITE crepe Roma two-piece dress, with fine plaits across the front of both skirt and blouse. The costume is trimmed with painted roses.

MADE of the new shade called Glass of Water, the coat illustrated above carries a cape, with fan plaits in the back at the waistline.

If said young lady of anywhere from seven to twelve years of age is ultramodern, she has her ensemble in cigar-store yellow, with the blouse in silk splashed over in cubist patterns. There may be a ribbon of slightly darker shade to trim. The coat for this is more box shaped in cut than the other dressier affair outlined above.

The young miss of this season goes in ardently (as does her older sister) for skirts in plaids and light colors that are topped by a blouse of the darkest shade represented in the skirt.

It certainly is stylish to have a few inches of ribbon stitched down the front of you and done in half moons, or cherries, or something cubist—if you are seven years of age or so. Indeed, it is taking a great many box plaits and much ribbon to get the younger generation through the present season.

There are brother-and-sister outfits, and a modification of the first model shown here is made into the sister's part of one of these. It is done in cherry-printed silk, and the boy's costume, consisting of short knickers and a blouse, is all white, with trimmings of the printed silk filched from his sister's frock.

Liberty's Patriotic Game of States

$25,000 in Prizes

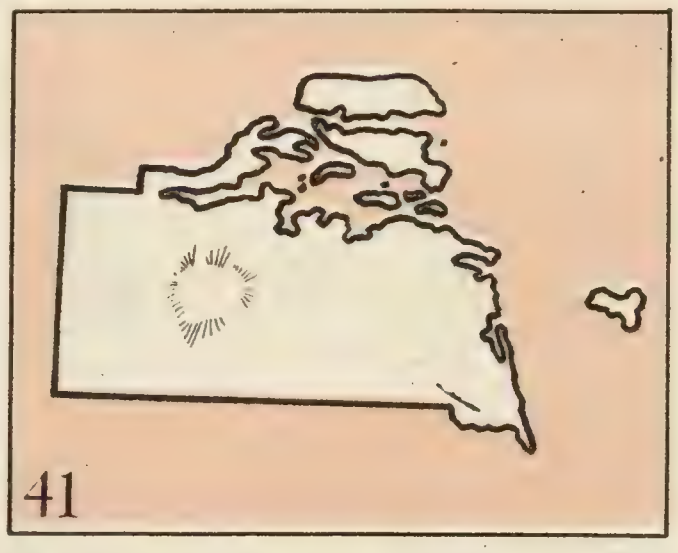
Fun and Education for the Whole Family

THIS wonderful contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl. It does not matter who you are or where you live. Every member of the family can enter.

Look at the big list of prizes and then go after them. It costs nothing and it's easy.

All you have to do is to examine the outline maps carefully and guess the names of the States they represent. Under each map are printed interesting facts of geography, industry, and history to help you solve the puzzle. You will learn important facts about the United States while playing a fascinating game for large prizes.

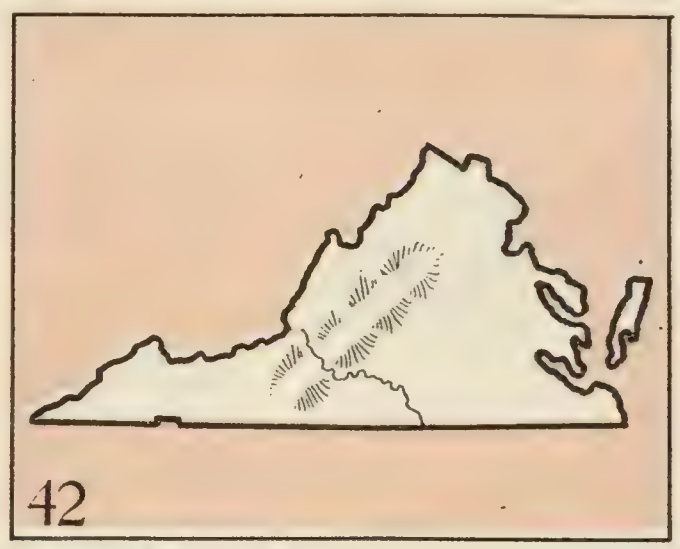
Be sure to read the rules carefully. They will tell you what to do. The final set of maps will be printed in Liberty next week.



The smallest and most densely populated of the States. Founded by refugees from a neighboring State seeking religious and political freedom, it established the nation's first spinning works.

Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

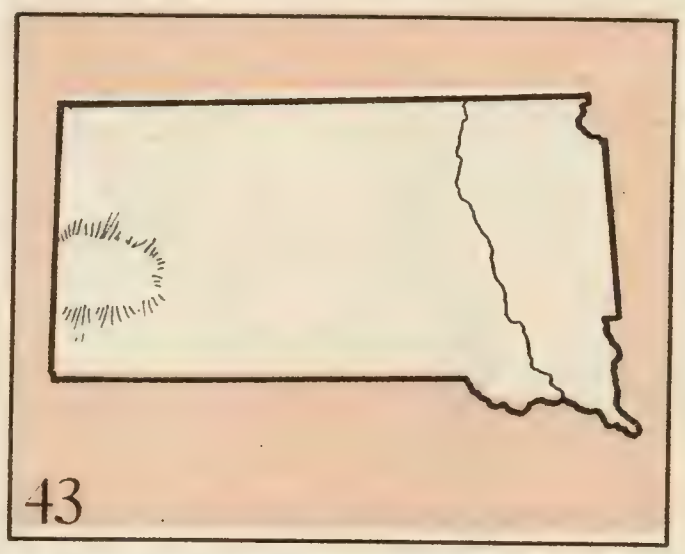
Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 11



Eight Presidents were born in this State. It led the Union in population until 1820; now it is twentieth in rank. It is famous for its tobacco and its name figures in many popular songs.

Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

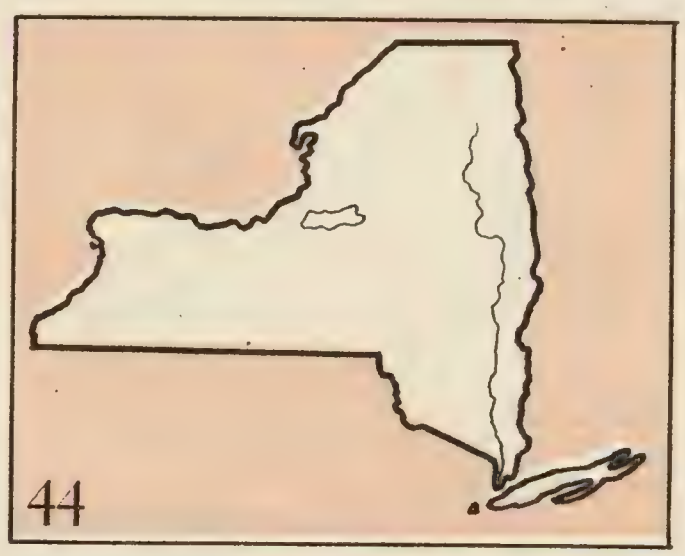
Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 11



A great river cuts this State in two. Its growth was retarded by uprisings among the Indians, whose descendants still live on large reservations within its confines. Rich in silver and lead, its gold output takes fourth rank.

Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 11



The bay on which this State's chief seaport lies was discovered by Giovanni Verrazano in 1524. It leads the nation in manufacturing. It borders on an ocean, a foreign country, two Great Lakes, and five other States.

Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 11

To Teachers

ONE of the most important purposes of this contest aside from its endeavor to win more friends for Liberty, is to increase the knowledge of American Geography and History among the people young and old.

We want especially to interest children in this educational game, and to inspire them to consult with their parents and their teachers.

Therefore, to each of the ten teachers whose pupils rank highest in this contest we will award a special prize of $250 each, a total of $2,500. This applies to pupils in public, private, and parochial schools. So when a child enters the contest, he is advised to state the name of his school, the name of his teacher, and his grade.

RULES

1 Every week for 12 consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline Maps of four different States of the United States, a total of 48 Maps—one for each of the 48 States.

2 The public is invited to cut out these Maps, fill in the name of the State each represents and the name of the Capital. Liberty will pay $25,000 to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of the 48 State Maps in accordance with these rules.

3 This offer is open to everybody—men, women, boys, and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families. It does not matter where you live.

4 You pay nothing. Just prove your skill. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. No preference will be given on account of elaborate treatment.

5 Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all Maps until you have the complete set of 48. Then send them to "States," Liberty, Post Office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All Maps must be in by midnight 21 days after the last Map has been published. No entries will be returned.

6 Each entry must be sent by first class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. At the end of the contest we want you to tell us your favorite State, the one you want for your home. Contestants may send in as many sets of Maps as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

7 You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the Maps from the originals and use the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at Public Libraries free of charge.

8 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

PRIZES

1st Prize	$5,000
2nd Prize	1,000
3rd Prize	500
4th Prize	250
5th Prize	200
Next 80 Prizes at $25	2,000
Next 1355 Prizes at $10	13,550
10 Prizes to teachers at $250	2,500
1450 Prizes, totaling	$25,000

THE FINAL SET OF MAPS
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF
Liberty

Winning the Open Championship

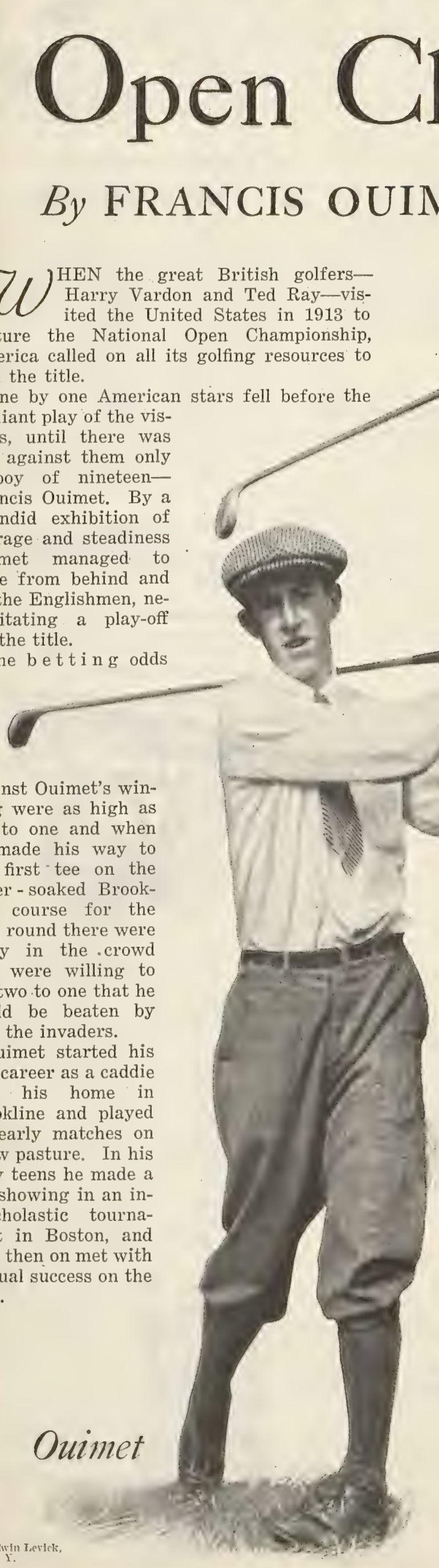
By FRANCIS OUIMET

WHEN the great British golfers—Harry Vardon and Ted Ray—visited the United States in 1913 to capture the National Open Championship, America called on all its golfing resources to hold the title.

One by one American stars fell before the brilliant play of the visitors, until there was left against them only a boy of nineteen—Francis Ouimet. By a splendid exhibition of courage and steadiness Ouimet managed to come from behind and tie the Englishmen, necessitating a play-off for the title.

The betting odds against Ouimet's winning were as high as ten to one and when he made his way to the first tee on the water-soaked Brookline course for the final round there were many in the crowd who were willing to bet two to one that he would be beaten by both the invaders.

Ouimet started his golf career as a caddie near his home in Brookline and played his early matches on a cow pasture. In his early teens he made a fine showing in an interscholastic tournament in Boston, and from then on met with unusual success on the links.



Ouimet

Edwin Levick, N. Y.

Vardon

International

Ray

Edwin Levick, N. Y.

The Story of the Most Glorious Triumph in American Golf History

PART FOUR

OF OUIMET'S OWN STORY OF HIS GOLF LIFE

I HEARD somebody in the crowd remark, as Ray, Vardon, and I sloshed to the second tee at Brookline:

"Ouimet looked as if he was practicing on that hole."

That was an encouraging remark. I had something of the same notion in my mind, and I was tickled that I could give others the impression. I believed apparent carelessness might have its effect on my opponents. I had plenty of respect for them but wanted them to have some of the same for me.

We all played the second hole, which is comparatively simple, in the conventional par four figures. The first turn of fortune came on the third. Much depends on the tee shot here. Vardon and I hit two right down the alley, and had easy approach shots. Ray slashed one of his long ones, with just the semblance of a cut on it, and the ball landed in the rough, with a big tree partially blocking the trail to the green.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Telephone line over the Rocky Mountains

The Builders of the Telephone

SPANNING the country, under rivers, across prairies and over mountain ranges, the telephone builders have carried the electric wires of their communication network.

Half a century ago the nation's telephone plant was a few hundred feet of wire and two crude instruments. The only builder was Thomas A. Watson, Dr. Bell's assistant.

It was a small beginning, but the work then started will never cease. In 50 years many million miles of wire have been strung, many million telephones have been installed, and all over the country are buildings with switchboards and the complicated apparatus for connecting each telephone with any other. The telephone's builders have been many and their lives have been rich in romantic adventure and unselfish devotion to the service.

Telephone builders are still extending and rebuilding the telephone plant. A million dollars a day are being expended in the Bell System in construction work to provide for the nation's growing needs.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

CLIP THIS NOW! It's your own fault if you go without a typewriter now. There is a bargain price on this Underwood! Totally rebuilt; new type; new platen; new finish; and a *five-year guarantee*. Easiest terms ever—$3 and it's yours.

FREE BOOK! Typist Manual and complete catalog explains whole plan. To first fifty who answer, instructions free in touch typewriting. Mail now to the Shipman-Ward Mfg. Co., A170 Shipman Bldg., CHICAGO.

Name.....

Address.....

Boys!

HERE is a great opportunity to earn that extra pocket money for vacation fun, and at the same time win many dandy and valuable prizes such as baseball equipment, swimming equipment, fishing tackle, and camping goods. Easy work—right in your own neighborhood. No money or experience required. Send coupon below for full details.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

**Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.**

Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

[WINNING THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

Ted played a very fine second, however, missing the tree by less than a foot, and bringing up on the upper edge of the green. Vardon and I landed on, made our approach putts sure, and dropped short babies for fours. Ray chipped to within six feet of the hole, then missed his stab, which put him one stroke behind.

I almost stumbled into trouble on the fourth. There was a hill in front of the tee here, so I used a spoon. It was disaster not to get the ball up. I was too anxious for height, cut the shot a little, and landed in rough, right on the edge of woods. I managed to get on the rim of the green with my second, and left myself another four-footer for a half, as both Ray and Vardon had made their fours easily. That putt dropped for me, and further strengthened my confidence in my game. It has been said that I won the match on that hole, but I think I settled it on the very first one.

The fifth hole was a nightmare for everybody. It is four hundred and twenty yards, with cross traps in front, plenty of trees, rough, and woods. I drove a fine ball into the wind, and Vardon followed with a longer one in the dead center of the fairway. Ray pulled his tee shot into the rough, making it impossible for him to get home with his second. I debated over the use of a club and finally selected the spoon. The grip was damp and the result was a wild slice, over the rocks and trees and out of bounds. This looked like a calamity, but really was a blessing in disguise. I had a chance to play a good shot and make the green in three, a situation which would have been doubtful at best had the ball parked among the trees or rocks.

I STUCK to that spoon, and this time was successful, carrying over all trouble to the edge. Ray purposely dropped his ball short of the traps, and was on with his third, though not very close. Vardon had a wonderful chance to pick up a stroke here, but muffed it. His second was a long iron that landed above the green, but not more than eighteen or twenty feet from the flag. His chip was too strong, though, and rolled a dozen feet past the hole, and he missed coming back.

Eventually we all went down in five, and Ray and I had reason for congratulation, after the bad slips we had made. At this point Vardon was even with me in par figures, and Ray was still trailing a stroke.

Harry went into the lead on the sixth, a drive and a pitch hole. We were all well off the tee and on with our mashies, with Vardon nearest the pin, some eight feet away. Ray dribbled in his four

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Nature—and Next Morning!

Today—and for days to come—she will feel and look like another woman! That's what this *natural* aid to perfect elimination does overnight. Once you know Nature's Remedy, you'll bid goodbye to constipation, biliousness—and to harsh, perturbing cathartics, too!

Doctors use and advocate this laxative, because it is purely vegetable. Can't harm; can't form any habit. *Folks who have taken an occasional NR tablet for thirty years have never had to increase the dose.*

For a time, a FREE BOX will be sent those writing the A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., Dept. 102, St. Louis. But all druggists have pocket tins for a quarter. So, join the throngs who say—

"That's what Nature's Remedy (NR) did for ME!"

GERMAN WAR GLASSES

8 power **$8.50** Postpaid

FINAL OFFERING

Supply nearly exhausted

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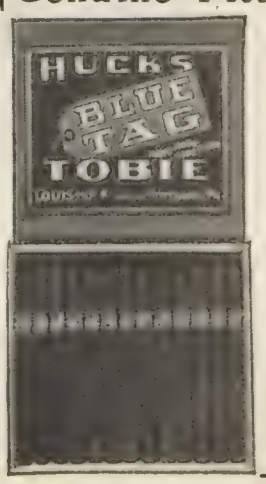

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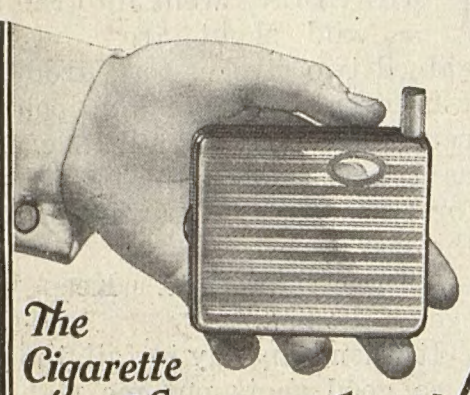

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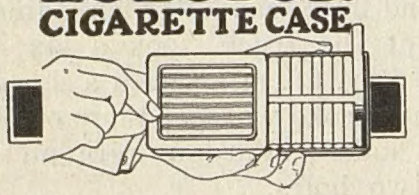

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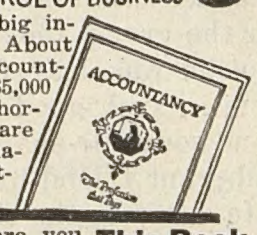

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTY]

and so did I. Then Vardon carefully sighted his putt. It was a curling, downhill essay he had to make, the kind supposed to be his great weakness. He banged this one home nonchalantly, and was out in the lead.

No one played a real shot on the short seventh, although I did manage to reach the edge of the green. I hit my approach too smartly—it was long and downhill—and rolled ten feet past the hole. I missed that putt, and had to take a four, going over par for the first time. Vardon was shy with his approach, and followed my lead, but Ray stuck his chip inches from the can, and with the three drew up on even terms with me once more.

Starting the eighth hole each of us drove, straight and in the same old order, Ray in front, then I, and lastly Vardon. Harry played his mashie toward the green with his customary smoothness. Then I hit one that headed right for the flag.

A TREMENDOUS cheer came rolling up the fairway. I knew that something had happened.

I waited until Ray played and then went to the green. I found my ball just six inches from the flag and rapped it in for a three. Vardon was on, but well away, and took one stroke more, which made me even with him again. Big Ted Ray was over on the edge, forty feet from the cup. But he was a great fighter. He was never discouraged. He hit his ball soundly, sent it curving in a beautiful rainbow, right into the tin. His three had halved mine. Eight holes played, and we were all tied again. The gallery almost stampeded on the way to the ninth. The strain was beginning to get the onlookers.

On the ninth tee I noticed for the first time that Ray was pulling for Vardon, which, of course, was entirely within his rights. After Ted and I had driven, Harry hit his ball with just the semblance of a pull, and it went sailing off toward bad country. Ray did not follow the flight of the ball, just turned to Vardon, and said:

"Fine shot, Harry."

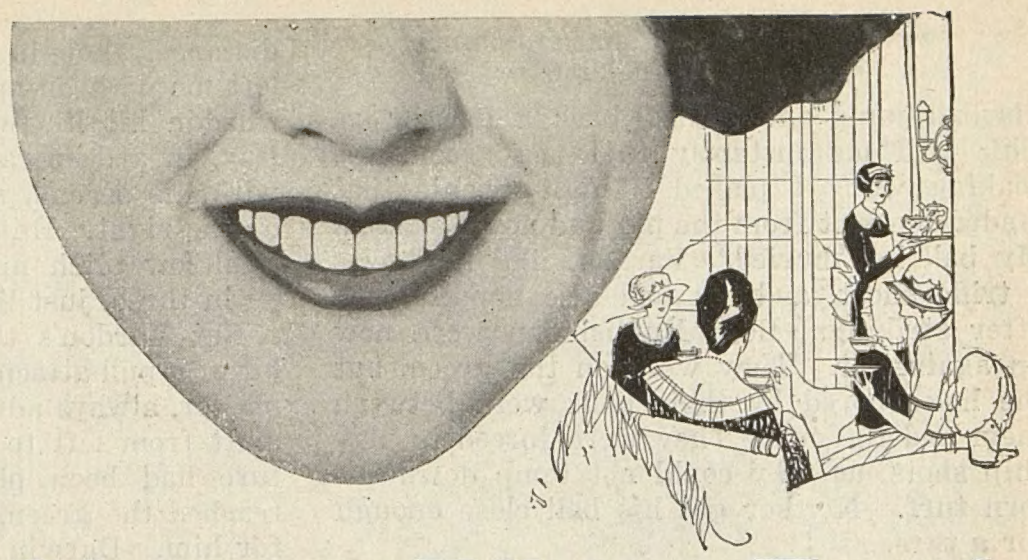
As it was, Vardon was fortunate to make his par five, and hold the pair of us, for his drive rolled into the woods. Luckily for him, there was an opening that gave him a clear path toward the green.

What a match that was! Nine holes gone, and three scores of 38, par for the course. Nine more stretching ahead, with the crowd milling madly and the rain falling with never a let-up.

The tenth was a mashie pitch on to a soggy green. In all the holes before not a single ball had become embedded, so the lifting rule had not been needed.

Ray played and hit on the green, quite a bit short of the flag. I saw

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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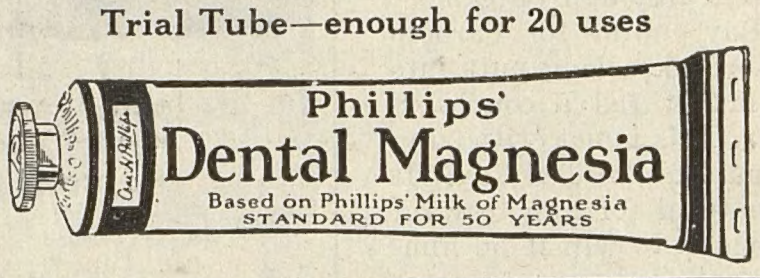

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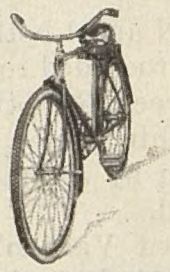

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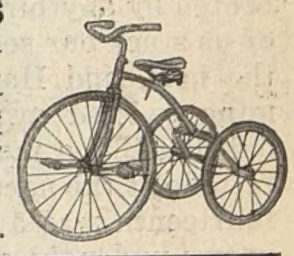

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[WINNING THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP
Continued from Page Eighty-one]

his ball jump and bounce back a foot or so. This told me instantly that the green was soaking wet. I played a high mashie that landed ten feet from the pin and never stirred. My ball had buried. Vardon, like Ray, was a trifle short, and his ball also hopped back after striking. Both Englishmen were now up against it. They were on the green, but the holes bored by their balls were between them and the cup. They were forced to play chip shots, as they could not tamp down the torn turf. Neither got his ball close enough for a three.

Bernard Darwin, famous British golfing authority, was acting as my scorer. He lifted my ball from its nest, and I might have gone for a birdie two, but I preferred to take no chances. I played snug up, dropped my three, and for the first time took the lead. This caused a wild cheer, though here and there I heard some criticism because I played safely.

Nothing exceptional happened on the eleventh, where we all scored fours, although once more I noticed Ray pulling for Vardon. He tried to coax a long putt into the hole, but it fell a couple of inches shy. This is not criticising the sportsmanship of Ted Ray. It was only natural for him to want his countryman to win if he himself could not.

I PICKED up another precious stroke on the twelfth. Both Britons were wide of the green with their seconds, and neither could chip up close enough to get a four. Two shots put me dead on the center of the green, and a pair of putts rolled the ball home. I was now two shots to the good, with only six holes to go.

I couldn't help listening to remarks from the gallery as I walked to the thirteenth tee. Some of the boys were wondering when the balloon would go up—when I would explode. They hadn't been convinced at all that it was possible for an American youngster to beat two of England's famous champions. But the speculation rolled off like the raindrops. I wasn't thinking of a solitary thing except each shot as it came along. I was being outdriven by Ray, as was to be expected, but I was outhitting Vardon, my seconds were making the greens, and my putting was sound.

Eddie Lowery kept talking to me as if I were his young brother. He refused to let me hurry, and drummed away with that old "Keep your eye on the ball." Vardon gained one stroke on the thirteenth, but he made a birdie to do it, and no golfer minds being beaten by anything that's under par. The two of us stuck our seconds less than ten feet from the hole, and Harry's putt went down while mine twisted away from the rim. Vardon, fighting like a major, showed his first sign of fatigue at the next hole. And so did Ray. That fourteenth was a long baby, hardly reachable in two under the conditions, except by big Ted.

The three of us hit long balls. I noticed that Ray was hurling his entire weight into his shot. His feet left the ground. His timing was perfect, but I felt a glow of hope when his form became bad. I knew he was pressing, and would pay the penalty.

My brassie for the green hit a mound while climbing off the ground, and I lost a lot of distance, though the ball landed safely and left me with an approach that wasn't too bad. Vardon hit his wooden shot gracefully; but Ray, in a desperate effort to fetch the green with his second, sliced away off to the trees on the right. He escaped skillfully by a beautiful low pitch under the branches, and was on in three, just like Vardon and myself.

But Vardon's third shot, a mashie, had a bit of a pull attached to it. Harry, the mashie master, always advocated a pitch with a slight drift from left to right, and up to this juncture had been playing just that way. He reached the green, but it was not a good shot for him. Darwin told me later that this was the first indication that Harry had given of the pressure of that play-off.

Edwin Levick, N. Y.

The gallery following the Ray-Vardon-Ouimet championship match.

Perhaps the best story of the golf played that wet morning rests in the fact that not a ball was trapped until the next hole, the fifteenth. And that Brookline course yawns and gapes with many a pit and hole for the careless or poorly hit shot. Ray, still swinging wildly, sliced badly off the tee. The crowd had moved to the right of the fairway, and the ball, coming down, hit a spectator squarely on the back. It bounded out on the fairway instead of ending up in the rough. But the luck didn't help him. His next went into that first trap, he took two to get out, and passed then and there out of the championship.

VARDON and I both made our par fours, and then proceeded to the short sixteenth for a pair of threes. Ray, trying for a deuce, slipped by from thirty feet and took a four. I now led Vardon by a single stroke while Ray was five behind.

I watched Vardon's tee shot on this next to the last hole and knew that it was fairly close to a nasty trap that juts out on the left of the fairway, waiting for a pulled shot. An old apple tree to the right of the center of the open spaces was my target. I knew that a ball out there was safe from trouble, even though a shot played to the left of the tree would insure a shorter second. And I landed right where I wanted to.

Ray was still fighting, and tried a tremendous shot over the tops of the trees that line the fairway on the left. It really seemed as if he were trying to drive the green, some three hundred and sixty yards away. It was a game but futile effort.

As we walked down, I scanned the fairway for Vardon's ball, but there was no sign of it. Finally, a marshal, standing guard at the trap, signed to Harry. His ball was in the sand. He tried to play out to the green and fell short.

That trap to this day is called Vardon's Trap. It ended his stout-hearted struggle.

Both Englishmen took fives on that hole. My mashie pitch had landed on the green, fifteen feet above the pin. I carefully studied the putt. It was downhill, and, though the grass was saturated, I was sure that a ball would get plenty of roll. I just started mine toward that cup, my heart set on getting a four. I realized that the title was mine, and wasn't going to toss it away. The ball trickled slowly down that green, half stopped once or twice, picked up speed again, and rolled directly into the pocket for a three.

UMBRELLAS went into the air, a wild shout arose. I had gained two strokes on Vardon. I was even fours in the pouring rain. Perhaps I was a little excited as I teed up for the eighteenth, for I heard Eddie Lowery say for the last time:

"Take your time. Keep your eye on the ball."

It wasn't my day to fail, though. Two good shots put me right on that last green, over the mucky race track, out of all danger. I ran my approach putt to within six inches of the hole.

Then the whole world fell down around my head. I realized that I had only to sink that little putt and be the open champion. I dropped the ball in, and began to get thrilled. I had made that play-off round in 72—38 out and 34 home. Vardon, tangled up in the mud of the track, took a six on the last for a 77. Ray, finishing with a sensational three, was one stroke worse. Four of the five shots that I had on Vardon were picked up on the last two holes.

My first reaction, as I remember it, was a feeling of pleasure that I had played an important round without going into a trap. That's the truth. I thought of that one thing before I realized what all the yelling meant. Then, when the crowd took charge of me, my principal notion was fear for the putter that had stood me in such good stead. I was worried lest some souvenir-snatcher should take it or some exuberant friend break it.

I had quite a trip to the clubhouse, on shoulders. I lost my cap and one shoe. Also my necktie. Everybody seemed to want something as a memento of the occasion. Luckily there were some Brookline policemen on the veranda, and they rescued me. I went in to the lockers and met Ray and Vardon. They congratulated me warmly. They were mighty fine sportsmen.

The story of Ouimet's first golfing tour of England and France and his winning of the National Amateur Championship is graphically told in the next issue of Liberty. The title is I'm a Badly Licked Champion.

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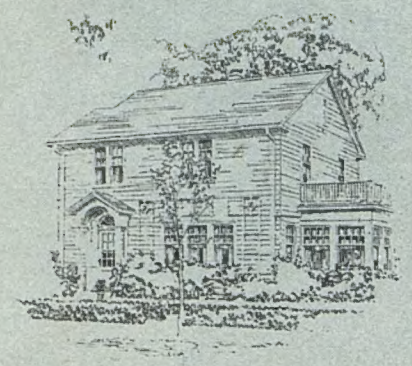

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